ERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING MOVIE MAGAZINE

PHOTOPLAY

Liz's Baby

MICHAEL
HOWARD
WILDING

HE
NSIDE STORY
OF HOLLYWOOD'S FEUD
WITH
MARILYN MONROE

P 8-58 7-L 30R
MRS C SLOSSERG
7 CLEVELAND
BROOKLINE
M

20¢

New Beauty Miracle!

Created by Procter & Gamble

Prell leaves hair 'Radiantly Alive'!

. . . soft, smooth, younger looking!

Prell Shampoo actually leaves hair more radiant than any leading cream or soap shampoo—*comparison tests prove it!* Your hair simply sparkles after Prell, it looks younger . . . lovelier . . . more "radiantly alive"! And so much softer and silkier—yet with plenty of "body." You'll be thrilled *using* Prell, too—its beautiful emerald-clear form is much more exciting than liquids or creams. Prell is so economical—no waste—no spill, and it's so handy at home or when traveling. Try Prell Shampoo today—you'll want to use it *always!*

Rather be forgotten . . . . . or remembered?

The Clarkes had been married eight years. So had the Deanes. But, of late, Jim Clarke seemed to deliberately forget their anniversary. But not Joe Deane . . . he always remembered. Naturally, Ethel Clarke was hurt. She would have been shocked to learn what lay behind her husband's indifference. It's a matter that no woman can afford to be careless about.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC stops *halitosis (bad breath) instantly and keeps it stopped usually for hours on end. This superior deodorant effect is due to Listerine's germ-killing action.

No chlorophyll kills odor bacteria like this . . . instantly

You see, Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs, including germs that cause the most common type of bad breath . . . the kind that begins when germs start the fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. *And, research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.* Brushing your teeth doesn't give you Listerine's antiseptic protection. Chlorophyll or chewing gums do not kill germs. Listerine does.

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4 times better than chlorophyll or tooth paste

Every week
2 different shows, radio & television—
"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"
See your paper for times and stations

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LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC...the most widely used antiseptic in the world

1

Just one brushing with Colgate's removes up to 85% of decay-causing bacteria! And if you really want to prevent decay, be sure to follow the best home method known—the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

Now! ONE Brushing With

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

Removes Up To 85% Of Decay and Odor-Causing Bacteria!

Only The Colgate Way Does All Three!
CLEANS YOUR BREATH while it
CLEANS YOUR TEETH and
STOPS MOST TOOTH DECAY!

GIVES YOU A CLEANER, FRESHER MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!

PHOTOPLAY

JULY, 1953 • FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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THE PRINCESS AND HER LOVER

For his kisses, this fiery young beauty braved scandal! He was so strong, so handsome—but so unattainable because he belonged to another! From the pages of a best-selling novel, M-G-M brings another spectacular entertainment to the screen—a new and wonderful Technicolor production by the studio that gave you "Quo Vadis" and "Ivanhoe".

M-G-M presents

YOUNG BESS

COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

Their fateful romance flamed amid intrigue and danger in the lusty era of King Henry VIII.

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with **KAY WALSH** • **GUY ROLFE** • **KATHLEEN BYRON** • **CECIL KELLAWAY** • **LEO G. CARROLL**

Screen Play by **JAN LUSTIG** and **ARTHUR WIMPERIS** Based On the Novel by MARGARET IRWIN

Directed by **GEORGE SIDNEY** • Produced by **SIDNEY FRANKLIN** • An M-G-M Picture

New Mum with M-3 kills odor bacteria ...stops odor all day long

PROOF!

New Mum with M-3 destroys bacteria that *cause* perspiration odor.

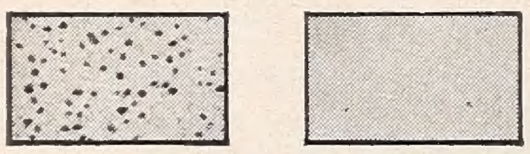


Photo (left), shows active odor bacteria. Photo (right), after adding new Mum, shows bacteria destroyed!

Mum contains M-3, a scientific discovery that actually destroys odor bacteria . . . doesn't give underarm odor a chance to *start*.

Amazingly effective protection from underarm perspiration odor — just use new Mum daily. So sure, so safe for normal skin. Safe for clothes. Gentle Mum is certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Won't rot or discolor even your finest fabrics.

No waste, no drying out. The *only* leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Delicately fragrant new Mum is usable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. Get a jar today and stay nice to be near!

A Product of Bristol-Myers

hollywood whispers

BY FLORABEL MUIR

Is it romance or business with Joan Crawford and Jennings Lang? He was once the target of Walter Wanger's gunfire, and Joan, who recently was seen everywhere with David Miller, has been seeing a lot of Lang. Lang works for the Music Corporation of America and handles some television contracts for Joan. But the hep crowd whispers that they spend too much time together dawdling over lunch at the Vine Street cafe for it to be only business. Could it be that the personable actors' agent is partial to the name Joan? Remember it was Joan Bennett, estranged wife of Walter Wanger, who once, as a client, took up much of Lang's time.

All work and no play for Mona?

Do Hollywood stars find romantic Paris and the Riviera more conducive to love and marriage than the warm suns of California? Certainly our stars are finding out that a movie actress' or actor's life is more private in European countries than at home. Foreign reporters are not so persistent as the ladies and gents of the press in the United States. That's probably why Lana Turner and Lex Barker decided to take themselves across the ocean for a few weeks' vacation. And there are hints, too, of an October wedding in Europe for Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas. But Mona Freeman will not be able to go to Europe while Bing Crosby is there, for she has begun work on a new picture.

•

Back from France to make a movie in Hollywood with Paulette Goddard for Columbia, Jean Pierre Aumont moved into the Louis Jourdans' spare room, then promptly called Barbara Stanwyck. On their first date together since his

TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME

The way you demanded them...in a picture that was made for them—the way they were made for each other!

TONY CURTIS ♥ JANET LEIGH

...as the great Houdini, master escape artist! ...as the girl whose love was his real magic!

in

HOUDINI

Color by TECHNICOLOR

with TORIN THATCHER • Produced by GEORGE PAL

Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL • Screenplay by PHILIP YORDAN

Based on a book by Harold Kellock • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Use new WHITE RAIN shampoo
tonight—tomorrow your hair
will be sunshine bright!

It's like washing your hair in softest rain water! This new gentle lotion shampoo leaves your hair soft as a cloud, bright as sunshine, fresh-smelling as a spring breeze. And it's so easy to care for!

CAN'T DRY YOUR HAIR LIKE HARSH LIQUIDS
CAN'T DULL YOUR HAIR LIKE SOAPS OR CREAMS

WHITE RAIN
Fabulous New
Lotion Shampoo by Toni

hollywood whispers

Continued

return, Barbara showed off a beautiful pair of earrings which Pierre had brought her from Paree! Hollywood is watching this romance hopefully!

Pierre's back from Paree

He's fair-skinned, blue-eyed and blond. He acts, sings and speaks with a slight accent. Yvonne De Carlo may have discovered Carlos Thompson in South America, but his eyes met Piper Laurie's across a crowded room in Hollywood. Now Piper and Carlos are seen everywhere together. This summer, after Piper completes her PA in South Africa, she and Carlos will no doubt be seen in Paris, Rome and London together, since Carlos will fly to the continent and wait for Piper's arrival.

•

That feud between Bob Hope and Jerry Lewis, which some thought was just for laughs, has more animosity than comedy to it. It seems when Hope and Lewis were both on a TV show the unpleasantness began. All the stars present had to be crowded into the program. Hope stayed on too long, leaving little time for Jerry. Tempers flared, words were exchanged—and a feud began.

•

While Scott Brady tries to forget Dorothy Malone, blonde and beautiful Anita Eckborg (Miss Sweden of 1951) makes forgetting a very pleasant task.

The rumor has more animosity than comedy

THE BEST-LOVED OF ALL MUSICAL ADVENTURES!

The wind-swept sands of North Africa...
Screaming Arab terror-raids...The Harem Dance of Desire...
The embattled Foreign Legion...The sheik's palace stormed
- AND THE GLORIOUS MUSIC OF THE NEW

"DESERT SONG"

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

YOU'LL HEAR THEM AS NEVER BEFORE!
"ONE ALONE"
"THE RIFF SONG"
"THE DESERT SONG"
"ROMANCE"
and all its immortal melodies!

EL KHOBAR
The wild-riding desert lover and his willing captive!

PRESENTED BY
WARNER BROS.
AND
STARRING

KATHRYN GRAYSON · GORDON MacRAE · STEVE COCHRAN

WITH
RAYMOND MASSEY · DICK WESSON · ALLYN McLERIE

SCREEN PLAY BY ROLAND KIBBEE · PRODUCED BY RUDI FEHR

DIRECTED BY
BRUCE HUMBERSTONE

BASED UPON A PLAY BY LAWRENCE SCHWAB, OTTO HARBACH, OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2ND, SIGMUND ROMBERG AND FRANK MANDEL
MUSICAL NUMBERS STAGED & DIRECTED BY LEROY PRINZ * MUSICAL DIRECTION BY RAY HEINDORF

Hollywood Party Line

BY EDITH GWYNN

A REAL GALA EVENT was the preem of "Lili." Besides bringing forth a lot of famous faces, it was one that must always remain a bright spot in Leslie Caron's memory. That night, Leslie found out that she had become a star! Along with all the giant searchlight stuff, radio broadcasts in the lobby, etc., Leslie played "hostess" to such as Greer Garson, Katie Grayson, Howard Keel, Elizabeth Taylor, a walking dream in strapless, floor-length white organdy, the skirt tiers and tiers of crisp stuff; the Bill Holdens, Bobby Van, and Elaine Stewart.

Leslie Caron and Geordie: A star is born

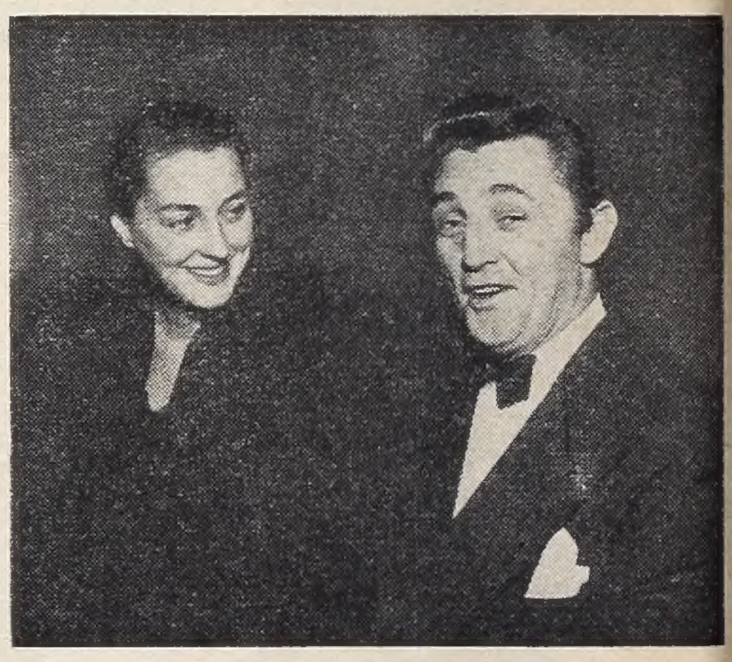
Beautiful Elaine is getting around these days, and *doing the unexpected. Recently she went on location with the company filming "Take the High Ground." She was the only girl with the troupe and there was an Army camp nearby. So, the Stewart Miss put on a one-girl fashion parade for the boys one afternoon, modeling everything from bathing suits to suits!*

And it's about time I got around to a few fashion notes! One of the most delightful aspects of Hollywood is the outdoor living that most film stars who live in houses rather than apartments, avail themselves of. With or without swimming pools, the glamour pusses usually have a good-sized "plot of ground." And they dress up—or rather *just* dress for the outside as much as they do for indoor entertaining.

Judy Garland loves to loll around in a peony-red linen with a strapless bodice and flaring skirt, with matching red linen sandals. When it gets cool, a little matching bolero keeps the shivers from the shoulders. Blonde Eleanor Parker and her husband like to give outdoor buffet suppers in their patio and in the garden, seating guests at individual tables for four. Tables are usually decorated with blooms from their own garden. And the Parker pale beauty on such occasions is usually set off with her favorite black linen dresses, trimmed with bright flowers in yarn embroidery. In the summertime, even a tiny backyard will do for outdoor entertaining —in the movie-star manner. All it takes is imagination in fixing up a table or two.

Speaking of decorations, I honestly can't remember a more lavish or lovely dinner-dance ever given in this town, than the one tossed by Jane Greer and Ed Lasker in the "Crown Room" at Romanoffs. There were about 200 guests—the girl half, gorgeously gowned—and all gasping at the fabulous flowers and ingenious decor. The big room, so familiar to all, was hardly recognizable. In the "Bon Voyage" scheme, small flags of all nations hung from the ceilings; each table featured flowers set amid landscapes, like miniature stage settings, each of a different land! Having fun till four ayem and dancing to Freddie Karger's music, were Joan Caulfield and Frank Ross, the Dore Scharys, Joan Fontaine, Rocky Cooper with Rock Hudson, Audrey Totter and Leo Fred, Gloria Grahame, Dorothy McGuire, the Bob Mitchums, Pete Lawford—to name a *few*!

A "dream" on the arm of Michael Wilding



The Mitchums had fun until 4:00 A.M.

The "Bon Voyage" party reminds me that Hollywood fashion designers have a special name for the many actresses who are spending so much time traveling these days —whether for pleasure or picture making. They call them "The Suit-Case Trade." We all know that nylon above all things, packs uncrushably like a dream. But there are pullenty of styles for vacation travel that take up little room and don't "wilt" when you unpack 'em. Among these are knitted dresses, suits, skirts—even gowns. They can be made with anything from light yarn to "silver threads among the gold" or gleaming narrow silk ribbons.

Odds and Ends: Jeanne Crain, the longest holder-outer in the matter of cutting long tresses, finally sheared 'em to the shortest poodle in town! . . . Janet Leigh, who always wears huge, bouffant-skirted evening gowns, hangs on to them for dear life. She says, "Almost every time I dance, I lose at least one petticoat!" . . . Hedy Lamarr, who's been doing so for years, still strolls Beverly Hills clad in what seems to be her "uniform"—peasant skirt, peasant blouse, moccasins and a scarf over her head!

Beautiful Hair

BRECK

THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

It is important that you use a shampoo made for your individual hair condition. There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. The next time you buy a shampoo, select the Breck Shampoo for your hair condition. A Breck Shampoo cleans thoroughly, leaving your hair soft, fragrant and lustrous.

The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops, Drug Stores, Department Stores, and wherever cosmetics are sold.

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Sensational

NEW

BEACH FASHION

Genuine

Hand Painted

U.S. *Howland*

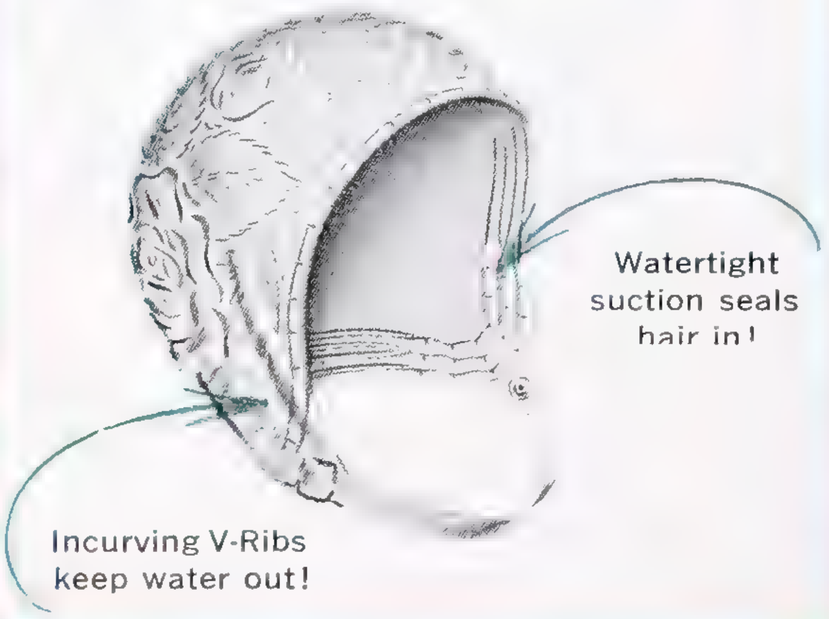
HAIR DRY

SWIM CAPS

FLORENCE CHADWICK

World's Greatest Woman Swimmer says:

"I know from experience, U. S. Howland Swim Caps really keep my hair dry."



U. S. Howlands have everything. High fashion! Two-tone hand-painted designs, beautiful two-tone rose appliques, and new solid colors to enhance every smart beach ensemble. Perfect fit—small, medium, large and special children's sizes. Available at fine stores wherever bathing accessories are sold.

ALL STYLES IN FASHION-COORDINATED COLORS

PLAIN ROSE

PLAIN DAFFODIL

ROSEBUD AND LEAF APPLIQUE

BLACK AND RED HAND-PAINTED DAFFODIL

CHILDREN'S BALLERINA

PRODUCT OF UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

Readers Inc. . .

Address letters to Readers Inc., PHOTOPLAY, *205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. Much as we would like to, we cannot promise to publish, return or reply to all letters*

SOAP BOX:

Here is a list of the ten men and women I think have the most sex appeal . . . Top man: Robert Wagner. Top woman: Marilyn Monroe . . . in any order hereafter. Men: Tab Hunter, Louis Jourdan, Craig Hill, Gregory Peck, Rory Calhoun, Gower Champion, Jeff Chandler, Robert Mitchum and Dale Robertson. Women: Debra Paget, Marge Champion, Susan Hayward, Pier Angeli, Ann Blyth, Jane Powell, Janice Rule, Corinne Calvet, Peggy Dow and Elizabeth Taylor.

Sylvia Elliott
Whitefield, New Hampshire

I saw "High Noon" starring Gary Cooper the other night and enjoyed it tremendously. It is no wonder he received the PHOTOPLAY Award and the Academy Award for his portrayal of *Kane.* He made a person feel as though he were really there actually witnessing the whole thing . . .

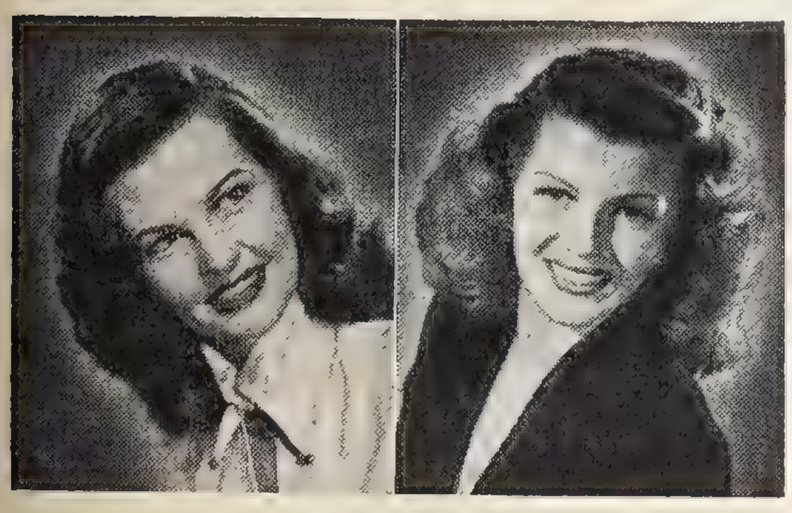
Joelle Sherman
Gary, Indiana

A few days ago I saw an old picture with Marilyn Monroe . . . "Ladies of the Chorus." I thought it was super. Why? Because Marilyn didn't put on in her walking, talking or singing. If she had just stayed the way she was in that picture, she'd be perfect.

Judy Wells
Ashville, North Carolina

I was just wondering if anyone else has noticed the resemblance between Leslie Caron and Joan Elan, now in "Girls of Pleasure Island." Or that of Rita Hayworth and Mary Castle, now in "The Lawless Breed." May I add that stars may look alike but your magazine can never be matched . . .

Mrs. George R. Willis
Traverse City, Michigan



Which is Rita Hayworth and which is Mary Castle?

I've just read . . . that they're thinking of making a musical of "Gone With the Wind." I hoped that the people in Hollywood had better sense. To make a musical out of so wonderful . . . a movie would be disastrous. That beautiful story was not meant to be degraded . . . ! And as for Gordon MacRae playing the masculine part of *Rhett Butler,* all I can say is *ugh!* . . . No one should play that part except Clark Gable! The general public would be much more satisfied to see the re-release of the original . . . with Clark Gable and Vivien Leigh . . .

D'Ann Hile
Urbana, Illinois

Have just seen "Call Me Madam" and . . was very amused at the *new* George Sanders. Smiling, affable and charming . . . he deserves an Academy Award, 'cause if being charming wasn't the biggest job of acting he's ever done,

George Sanders proves his charm to Ethel Merman

I miss my guess. Wonder if he'll stay this way or go back to being the most charming villain ever on the screen.

Charlotte Wicklein
Reading, Pennsylvania

We are steady PHOTOPLAY readers . . . recently saw an article named "Dolls Without Guys" . . . We would consider it an honor and a privilege to escort the ladies mentioned to a respectable evening and would do our best to keep them from having that lonely feeling . . . We are members of the 998th Engr. Const. Bn. Company C, 216-2, c/o P.M., New York . . . and it would raise our morale if we could have an answer to this letter . . .

In case you don't have an issue of the copy in question handy, we will give you the names of the ladies, who, according to us, are more than any man could dream of just being the escort of for one night: Joan Crawford, Jane Wyman, Hedy Lamarr, Barbara Stanwyck, Pat Neal and Ginger Rogers (even though she has since married and is no longer lonely) . . .

Don Roberts, Paul Mormino,
Victor Campeau, Willard Smith,
Norman Mulleady, James Parmly

I was quite surprised to read in your PHOTOPLAY Annual listing . . . the name of Richard Arlen! As an old admirer of his, I'm grateful to you for considering him important enough. After twenty-five years . . . on the screen, he appears to be as handsome and trim-looking as any of the present importations from Broadway and college playhouses . . .

Mrs. H. K. Bauder
Newark, New Jersey

Since everyone has enjoyed "The Prisoner of Zenda," why doesn't M-G-M make its exciting sequel, "Rupert of Hentzau"?

Kirk Higgins
Phoenix, Arizona

. . . I go to Dana Jr. High School and am in Journalism. Every year our paper has an ideal faculty made up of movie stars . . . Enclosed is a copy . . . I hope you will enjoy reading our paper . . . Your magazine is my favorite.

Principal, Red Skelton; Girls' Dean, Tony Curtis; Boys' Dean, Marilyn Monroe; English, Farley Granger; Dramatics, Eleanor Parker; Girls' Gym, Burt Lancaster; Boys' Gym, Debbie Reynolds; Spanish, Ricardo Montalban; Latin, Jeff Hunter; French, Louis Jourdan; Math, John Derek; Science, Elizabeth Taylor; Social Studies, Robert Wagner.

Boys' Glee, Tony Martin, Julius La Rosa; Girls' Glee, Jane Powell, Mitzi Gaynor; Homemaking, Tyrone Power; Shops, Jane Russell; Journalism, Janet Leigh; Band and Orchestra, Betty Grable; Typing, Tab Hunter; Counselors, Cornel Wilde, Susan Hayward, John Wayne; Dancing, Marge and Gower Champion; Librarian, Ava Gardner; Custodians, Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis; Stagecrew, Dale Robertson, Scott Brady; Cooks, Bud Abbott, Lou Costello . . .

Toni King
San Diego, California

CASTING:

I think some studio should make a Technicolor movie of the great and thrilling book, "The U.P. Trail" by Zane Grey. Dale Robertson as *Warren Neale* and Barbara Bates as *Allie Lee.*

An Illinois Steady Reader
Peoria, Illinois

. . . "Gown of Glory" would make a perfect movie with Jeanne Crain playing *Faith Lyall,* Rock Hudson playing *Jeremy Lyall,* Debbie Reynolds playing *Lucy Lyall,* Robert Wagner playing *Ninian Ross,* Mitzi Gaynor as *Peggy McDonald,* Jane Wyman as *Mary Lyall* and Clifton Webb as *David Lyall.*

Shirley Johnson
Paris, Texas

. . . Richard Allan and Jeff Hunter look alike. They should play . . . twin brothers.

Mary Schmidt
Redwood City, California

(*Continued on page* 13)

Richard Allan and Jeff Hunter ought to play twins

NEVER BEFORE HAS AFRICA REVEALED HERSELF LIKE THIS!

"How do you love a Goddess," he asked?
And her lips gave him the answer as
Pygmy Drums echoed the chant of the
Bakuba...telling the jungle the White
Hunter had won the titian-haired

WHITE WITCH DOCTOR

STARRING

SUSAN HAYWARD

ROBERT MITCHUM

TECHNICOLOR

with WALTER SLEZAK

20th CENTURY-FOX

Produced by OTTO LANG Directed by HENRY HATHAWAY Screen Play by IVAN GOFF and BEN ROBERTS

Readers Inc...

(*Continued from page* 11)

. . . "Slant of the Wild Wind" would make an ideal movie with Dale Robertson as *Captain Redd*, Liz Taylor as *Martha*, Debra Paget as *Willow* and Michael Rennie as *Goeffrey*.

Sherry
Modesto, California

. . . "The Covered Wagon" would make a good technicolor Western, with Jimmy Stewart as *Will Banion* and Susan Hayward as *Molly*. . . . on the radio . . . heard Tex Ritter sing "The Prison Song." . . . a story about prison life with him singing the song in the background (as in "High Noon") would make a fine picture . . . and someone like Humphrey Bogart as the main character . . .

Jean Beers
Carlisle, Pennsylvania

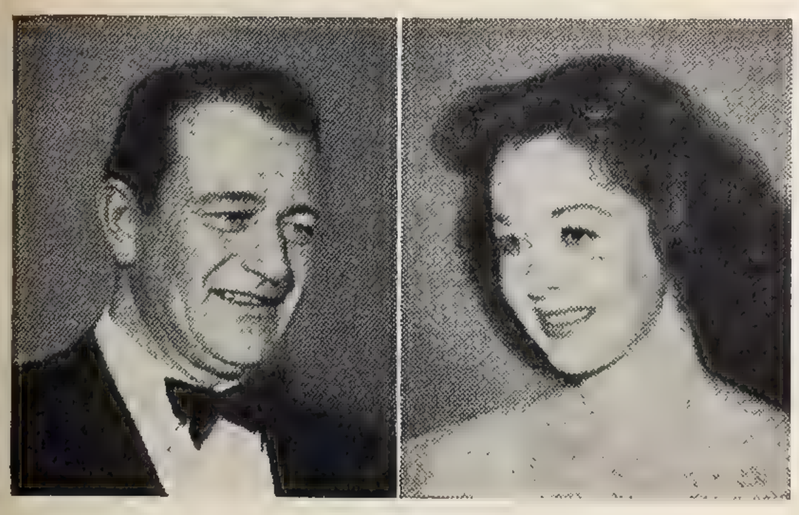
I just saw the Howard Keel short called "Through the Years" where he encourages people to contribute to the polio drive . . . I think it's wonderful stars volunteer for worthy causes. Howard Keel's my favorite.

What I want to know is why doesn't M-G-M put him in more big technicolor musicals? . . . He has such a beautiful voice . . . Why don't they buy "Carousel" or "Oklahoma" for him? . . .

Mrs. Norma Lauer
Granite, Oklahoma

We have seen John Wayne in "Big Jim McLain." We think he is wonderful! Why not co-star Susan Hayward with him? They would be an ideal team. To us they are tops.

Pat Blankenslip, Nadine Jones
Lexington, Tennessee



What a team: John Wayne, Susan Hayward

. . . Why don't they make a movie of the book, "A Man Called Peter"? There are two people who can do the story justice. Only Gregory Peck can portray the part of *Peter*, the young Scottish minister who captivates everyone . . . Sweet Ann Blyth would be perfect as the young lady whose charm and religious nature capture *Peter's* heart . . .

Charlotte Martin
Sayre, Oklahoma

QUESTION BOX:

Could you please tell me how many pictures Stewart Granger has starred in?

Marcia Lefavour
Marblehead, Massachusetts

His American films have been "King Solomon's Mines," "Soldiers Three," "The Light Touch," "The Wild North" and "Scaramouche." For 1953, "Salome" and "Young Bess."—Ed.

. . . When was the movie "Jane Eyre" made and who played in it?

Janet Garrison
Fort Wayne, Indiana

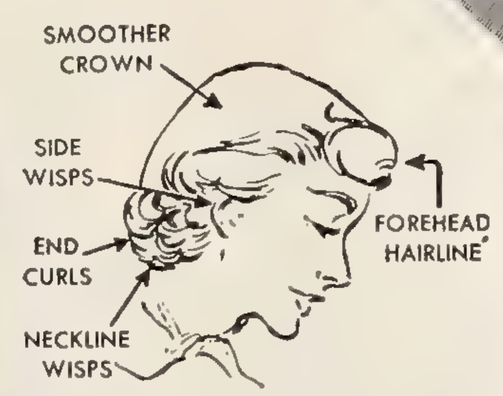
"Jane Eyre" was released in 1944. Orson Welles and Joan Fontaine starred.—Ed.

I have just seen "African Treasure" with

(*Continued on page* 14)

"I sincerely believe this is the greatest hair-beauty discovery since the permanent wave"

Helene Curtis
THE FOREMOST NAME IN HAIR BEAUTY



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NO MORE WISPY ENDS and fly-away strands! Straggly locks won't ruin your appearance even on busiest days.

A ROMANTIC, SMOOTHER LOOK is yours all evening long with Helene Curtis Spray Net. Get a can today.

New invisible Spray Net keeps any hair-do softly in place all day long

HERE'S the hair-beauty discovery you've wished for a thousand times. A way to keep hair *softly* and perfectly in place—without greasiness or artificial "lacquered look." Simply press the button. The magic mist of Helene Curtis Spray Net keeps your hair the way you set it—naturally . . . invisibly . . . all day long! Won't harm hair—brushes out instantly. Easier to apply than lipstick. Contains super-atomized lanolin. The perfect answer to wispy, straying hair! Get Spray Net in the pastel green container today.

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"ALL I DESIRE"

co-starring

RICHARD CARLSON · LYLE BETTGER
MARCIA HENDERSON · LORI NELSON
MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN · RICHARD LONG

Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK
Screenplay by JAMES GUNN and ROBERT BLEES
Produced by ROSS HUNTER

Universal International

Readers Inc...

(*Continued from page* 13)

Johnny Sheffield. Can you tell me if he used to play as *Boy* in the old Tarzan pictures?

Audrey G.
Trenton, New Jersey

Yes, he did.—Ed.

Would you please give me some information on Raymond Burr? He is one of my favorite actors and yet I know so little about him . . .

Juanita Klotter
Columbus, Ohio

He was born in Westminster, B. C. Has brown hair, blue eyes, weighs 190 lbs., is 6' 2½" and is unmarried. You can write him c/o Columbia Pictures.—Ed.

Did Janet Leigh have a part in "Plymouth Adventure?" . . . Did she play Van Johnson's girl friend?

Jean Mansfield
Detroit, Michigan

No. That was newcomer Dawn Addams.—Ed.

Would you please give me some information on the guy who flew the helicopter in "Battle Circus." . . . think his name was William Campbell . . . he did a wonderful job of acting . . .

Barbara S.
Marion, Indiana

He was born in Newark, N. J. Black hair, hazel eyes, 170 lbs., 6'. Not married as yet.—Ed.

Daring William Campbell

. . . saw Anthony Quinn . . . recently in "Seminole." . . . how can I get a picture of him? How old is he and is he married? . . .

Sylvia Stewart
St. Augustine, Florida

You can write him c/o Universal-International. He is thirty-eight, married, the father of four children, and a recent Oscar winner.—Ed.

In Readers Inc. (May) a woman asked if the . . . music from . . . "Ruby Gentry" was available on records. You told her that the music was written for the film and not recorded commercially . . . sorry to say you have made a mistake. The music is available on Mercury . . . and the title is "Ruby."

Maryann Guglielma
Philadelphia, Penna.

We're sorry too, but the record was released after we had gone to press.—Ed.

. . . would it be possible to feature any of the darling clothes Debbie Reynolds wore in her recent movie, "I Love Melvin"? . . .

A Reader
Madison, Wisconsin

It's a policy of Photoplay Star Fashions to show only clothes that are available to readers in stores throughout the country. Since the clothes worn by Debbie in "I Love Melvin" have not been manufactured for sale, we can't feature them. However, in this issue of Photoplay (page 60), Debbie models equally adorable outfits that everyone can buy.—Ed.

Like this "Angelic" hairdo? Note the little angel wings that sweep back from her brow. *With Bobbi, a natural wave is yours right from the start.*

A real compliment collector—the "'Sun Sprite" hairdo! Bobbi pin-curl permanent is just right for all casual styles. *Gives waves where you want them.*

"Holiday" hairdo for career girls. *Imagine a wave as natural-looking as a temporary pin-curl, but without nightly settings. It's yours when you use Bobbi.*

Swing to casual hair styles demands new kind of home permanent

See how the ends curl gently under for this "Miss Coquette" style? *With Bobbi you can easily get curls and waves like these—without help.*

Tight, bunchy curls from ordinary home permanents won't do. Now here's the happy answer...Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent! The only permanent that waves so softly...so permanently...so easily.

At last you can get the casual hair styles you want in a permanent... as easily as putting your hair in pin-curls. No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed even for beginners. Just pin-curl your hair the way you always do. Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. Rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—*and that's all.* Immediately your hair has the modish beauty, the body, the casually lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And with Bobbi, your hair stays that way—week after week after week! Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin-curl—you'll love Bobbi.

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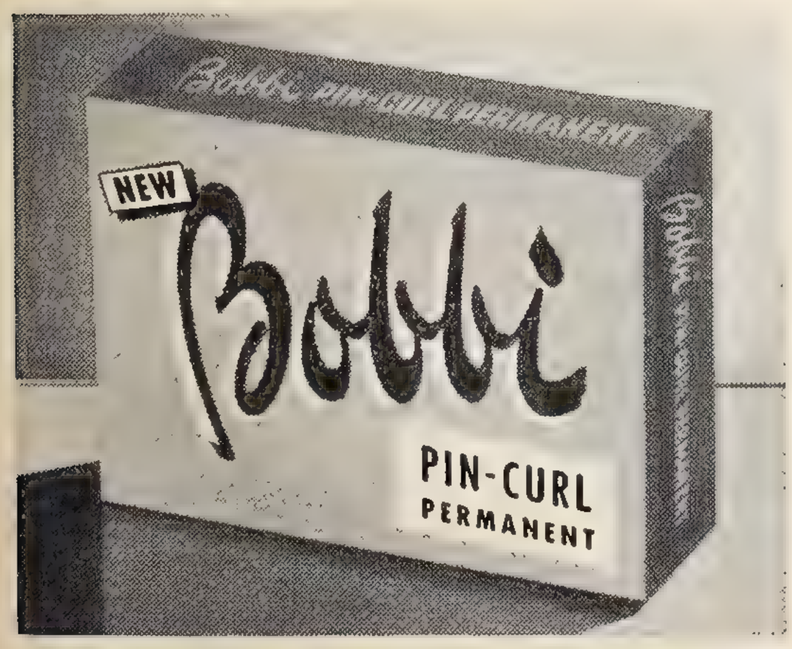
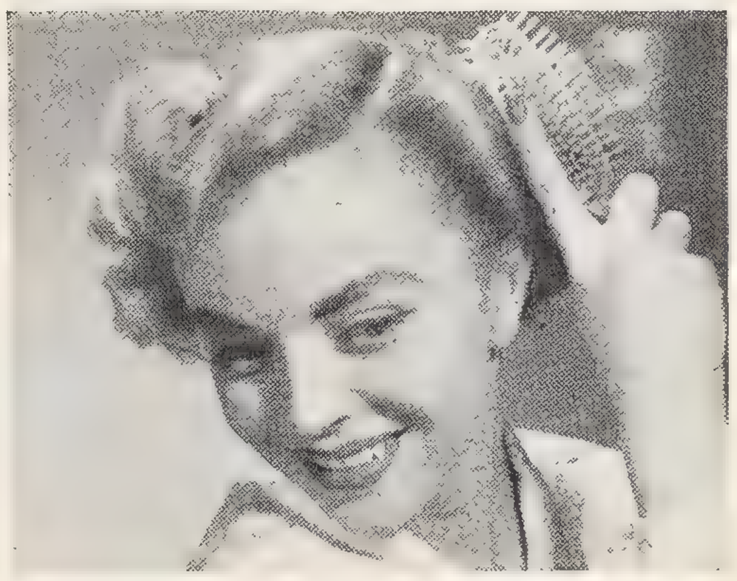


Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. **$1.50 plus tax**



Easy! Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting.

For brief reviews of current pictures see page 100
For complete casts of new pictures see page 97

LET'S GO TO

John's business problems just set wife Loretta's mind to work

At first meeting, June thinks Billy and Dan are bad neighbors

Dodging gunfire, Van and June complete an important phone call

IT HAPPENS EVERY THURSDAY U-I

Running a small-town newspaper may be the dream of many a big-city reporter, but the actuality can be full of headaches for both the editor and his wife. That's what John Forsythe and Loretta Young discover in this cheery homespun tale, based on the experiences of a real couple. Arriving with son Harvey Grant in the California town that's to be their new home, the newspaper-owners find they've bought a dying journal. The ancient, temperamental printing press always breaks down on publication day. A contest raises circulation, but also involves the innocent couple in a local scandal. A rain-making experiment sponsored by the editor nearly gets him run out of town. Loretta's at her most appealing, and Forsythe shows a highly attractive personality. Among the village characters who draw plenty of chuckles are Frank McHugh, Edgar Buchanan and Jane Darwell.

Verdict: Likable comedy of small-town life (Family)

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR 20TH CENTURY-FOX, TECHNICOLOR

June Haver's last movie turns out to be an endearing goodbye gesture. The story is pleasantly simple, and it's told with ease and imagination. June plays a successful singer who buys a house in the New York suburbs and falls in love with her neighbor. This is Dan Dailey, as a cartoonist who is doing an offhanded job of raising his motherless son, the sturdy and forthright Billy Gray. Billy's relationship with his dad has been very close, and he resents June as a threat to his Eve-less paradise. While this situation's being unscrambled, there's a secondary romance between Dennis Day, as June's beamish, penny-pinching manager, and Cara Williams, a vivacious red-headed newcomer. Lively songs and dances advance the story, though cutting a couple would have speeded the pace. In a refreshing touch, Billy's thoughts are translated into sprightly animated cartoons.

Verdict: Friendly, unassuming musical romance (Family)

REMAINS TO BE SEEN M-G-M

A burlesque murder mystery with a few dashes of rhythm and a mob of wacky characters provides an agreeable vehicle for June Allyson and Van Johnson. June's a breezy type, a vocalist who enjoys a gypsy life with an obscure dance band. The murder of a blackguard uncle of hers in New York makes her an unwilling heiress and candidate as next victim. Van's an apartment-house manager, eager yet bashful, secretly addicted to hot traps-playing. Louis Calhern, as a suave lawyer, Angela Lansbury, as a slinky adventuress, and John Beal, as a doctor whose services are often needed, pop in and out of the proceedings. June seems pleased with her fling at sexy singing, and Van, while reverting to his early film personality, does it without getting unduly coy. Filmed with no great ingenuity, this version of the Broadway hit still has fun with sliding panels and macabre gags.

Verdict: Knockabout farce-with-thrills (Family)

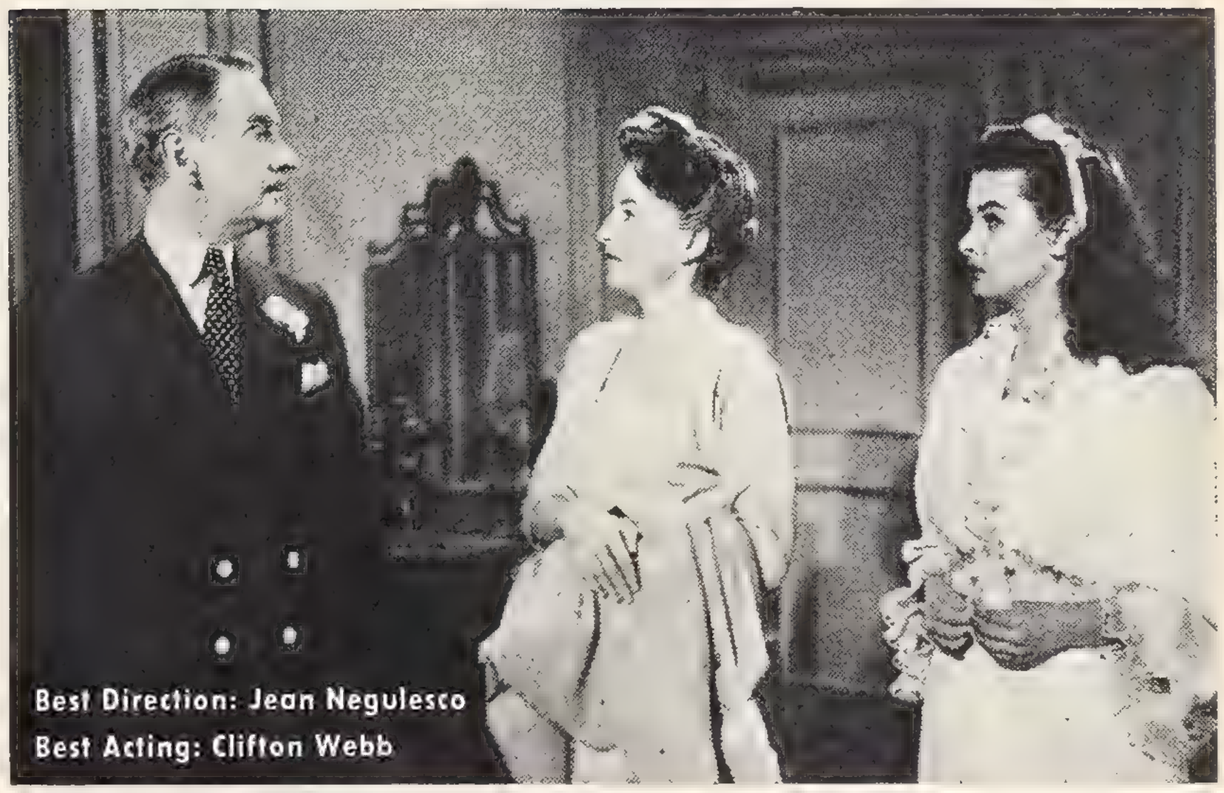
THE MOVIES

with Janet Graves

TITANIC — 20TH CENTURY-FOX

The great luxury liner that sank on its maiden cruise in 1912 becomes the setting for a drama of considerable sweep and power. The trip has a gala atmosphere, but you're subtly reminded every so often that the ship has a fatal appointment with an iceberg, and this knowledge gives urgency to the situations of the leading characters: the wrecked marriage of Clifton Webb and Barbara Stanwyck; the shy young romance of Bob Wagner and Audrey Dalton; Richard Basehart's unhappy surrender to alcoholism. Webb's a stand-out as the frivolous-minded snob who has a violent collision with reality. Brian Aherne also does an excellent job as the captain. When the grueling climax finally comes, it fully justifies all the build-up. Deftly blending fact and fiction, these scenes are spectacular and poignant, calculated to touch the heart of the toughest movie-goer.

Verdict: Taut, skillful dramatization of history (Adult)

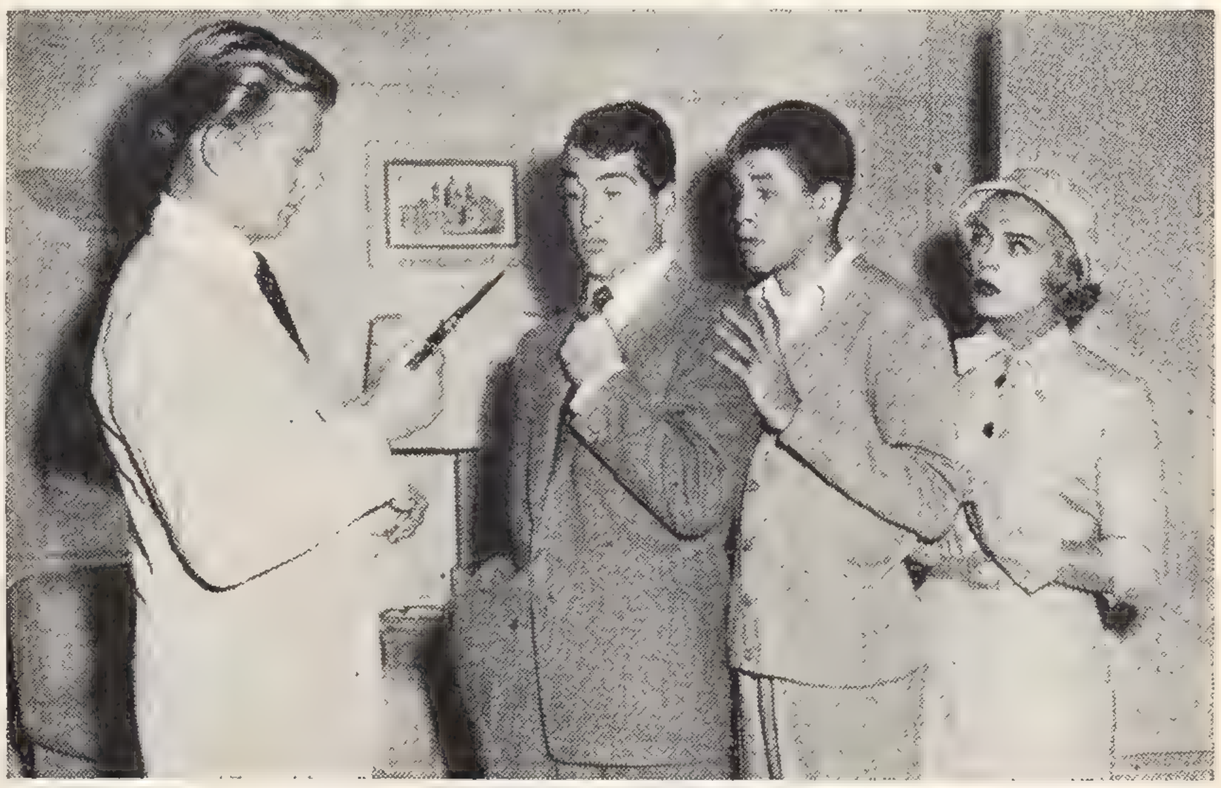


Clifton and Barbara argue over the custody of daughter Audrey

SCARED STIFF — WALLIS, PARAMOUNT

A comic chiller is a natural choice for Martin and Lewis, and the boys take enthusiastic advantage of it. Based on "The Ghost Breakers," venerable play once made into a Bob Hope movie, the story adds many preliminary frills before getting around to the horror stuff. Dean and Jerry have reasons of their own for fleeing New York. So off they go on a cruise ship with Lizabeth Scott, who's inherited a small Caribbean island. Parties unknown wish to discourage her from taking possession, but Dean and Jerry are her champions. Target of most of the clutching hands and menacing zombies in the finale, Jerry also has such lighter chores as impersonating Carmen Miranda, who then does a number of her own. As always, Dean handles the ballad department. Looking at her best in later scenes, Liz goes along with the gags like a good sport.

Verdict: Grisly foolishness, often really funny (Family)



There's danger ahead, William Ching warns Dean, Jerry and Liz

AMBUSH AT TOMAHAWK GAP — COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR

Every so often a "High Noon" comes along to show what heights a Western can reach, but betweentimes Hollywood produces a steady supply of good, workmanlike horse operas—like John Derek's new film. He's one of a group of desperadoes just out of jail and set on a mysterious mission. The others: old-timer Ray Teal, ruffianly David Brian, and John Hodiak, an innocent bystander framed on the robbery charge that sent all four to prison. After a bit of unnecessary confusion is cleared up, it develops that the gang is off to collect the loot, hidden by a confederate who made a getaway, but later died. Then the movie settles down to a carnival of greed and unleashed tempers, treasure-hunting and Indian-fighting in a ghost town. With a rakish beard to subdue his good looks, Derek's a tough hero, opposite Maria Elena Marques, as a non-English-speaking Navajo maiden.

Verdict: Lively, colorful, gory Western (Family)

More reviews on next page

Indians surprise Hulett, Hodiak, Derek, Maria Elena Marques

Beautiful Swimproof Lips WITHOUT LIPSTICK

MARY ELLEN KAY
featured in "Harness Bull," an RKO production

And These Newly Luscious Colors Can't Smear Anything —or Anyone

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Send Trial Sizes of the shades I checked below. I enclose 25c coin for each one.

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PICKUP ON SOUTH STREET
(20TH CENTURY-FOX)

A clever if not too plausible story, shrewdly handled and smoothly acted, focuses on a pickpocket who accidentally acquires some stolen micro-film. As this picaresque hero, Richard Widmark engages in warm smooching and tough bargaining with Jean Peters, who unwittingly serves as courier for a communist spy ring.

Dick's a willing victim of Jean's wiles

Her Red ex-lover, Richard Kiley, makes a formidable menace, but Murvyn Vye, as the police captain on the case, is convincingly equal to all the skulduggery. Playing a professional stool-pigeon with an encyclopedic knowledge of underworld personnel, Thelma Ritter's a delight.

Verdict: Rough, rowdy crook-spy yarn, consistently entertaining (Adult)

I BELIEVE IN YOU
(RANK. U-I)

Juvenile delinquents and probation officers are familiar characters in our films, so it's interesting to see how the British treat this subject. Cecil Parker is completely winning as a stuffy gent retired from the colonial service and inspired to a new career by a chance encounter with a pathetic wayward girl. On his new job, he has the wise counsel of an experienced probation officer, Celia Johnson. Among her charges is the girl he'd met (Joan Collins, a youthful and lovely brunette). His own chief problem is a boy (Harry Fowler) who has family worries. The two youngsters fall in love, but their past associations lead to trouble. It's a tender, convincing movie, with many strong minor roles to give it added substance

Verdict: Deeply understanding study of delinquency and its cure (Adult)

HOUSE OF WAX
(WARNERS: 3-D WARNERCOLOR)

Three-dimensional movies show rapid technical progress in this horror story, set in turn-of-the-century New York. Injuries in a fire turn Vincent Price, a gentle sculptor, into a maniac monster who sets up a gruesome waxworks museum, using human corpses as foundations for his figures. Pert, blonde Carolyn Jones is an early victim, and her friend Phyllis Kirk suspects her fate. Paul Picerni makes a likable hero, but Frank Lovejoy gets scant opportunity as the detective who stops the madman. Actors, however, are subordinate to the camera wizards.

Verdict: Standard chiller made impressive by depth (Family)

MAN IN THE DARK
(COLUMBIA. 3-D)

In a very slight switch on the old amnesia theme, master crook Edmond O'Brien undergoes a brain operation to make him an honest man, wiping out his memory (only partially, it develops). So he doesn't remember where he put the haul from his last big robbery. Ex-associates led by Ted de Corsia won't believe him, though girlfriend Audrey Totter is finally convinced. While the movie goes through the usual 3-D stunts of poking or throwing objects or people at the audience, it includes one brilliant shot (of a roller-coaster's framework) to suggest what 3-D can do once its childhood is over

Verdict: Unpretentious little crook picture with some novelty value (Family)

THE 5,000 FINGERS OF DR. T.
(COLUMBIA. TECHNICOLOR)

Here's an unbridled fantasy, the nightmare of a small boy, who dreams that his hated piano teacher holds him captive in a weird castle, doomed to practice twenty-four hours a day. Tommy Rettig's a shade too sweet for the role of the rebel youngster. Mary Healy looks appealing as his mother, in his dream hypnotized into playing accomplice to the tyrannical Dr. T. (portrayed grandly by Hans Conried). For the right note of practical-minded contrast, there's Peter Lind Hayes as a plumber, the boy's pal. Fantasy fans may find amusement in the crazy sets, the whimsical songs and the lunatic gags. But the direction and the photography are too slow and pedestrian for the idea

Verdict: Wildly imaginative but clumsily executed dream-movie (Family)

THE GLASS WALL
(COLUMBIA)

Vittorio Gassman gets his most sympathetic role as a D. P., a concentration-camp graduate who seeks haven in the U. S. To enter legally, he must find a former paratrooper whose life he once saved. Now a jazz musician, this man can testify to his identity. Vittorio jumps ship to find him and the movie takes on the familiar chase pattern. As a wistful, jobless girl who befriends him, Gloria Grahame helps to provide half the romance. The other half is supplied rather colorlessly by Jerry Paris, as the musician, and Ann Robinson as his ambitious fiancée

Verdict: Unremarkable suspense story with a New York tour thrown in (Family)

(More reviews on page 20)

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"Instant Neutralizing"!

Amazing
New Neutralizer
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A wonderful *wave conditioner* beautifies your hair... makes it softer, more glamorous!

Beauty experts say you can actually *feel the difference!*

Yes, you can feel the extra softness, in hair that's neutralized this wonderful new Lilt way!

No test curls needed, either! Yet new Lilt gives the loveliest, most natural, easiest-to-manage wave . . . even on the very first day. The best, long-lasting wave too!

Everything you've been wanting in ease and speed . . . plus extra glamour for your hair!

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star of Paramount's "Vanquished" Color by Technicolor.
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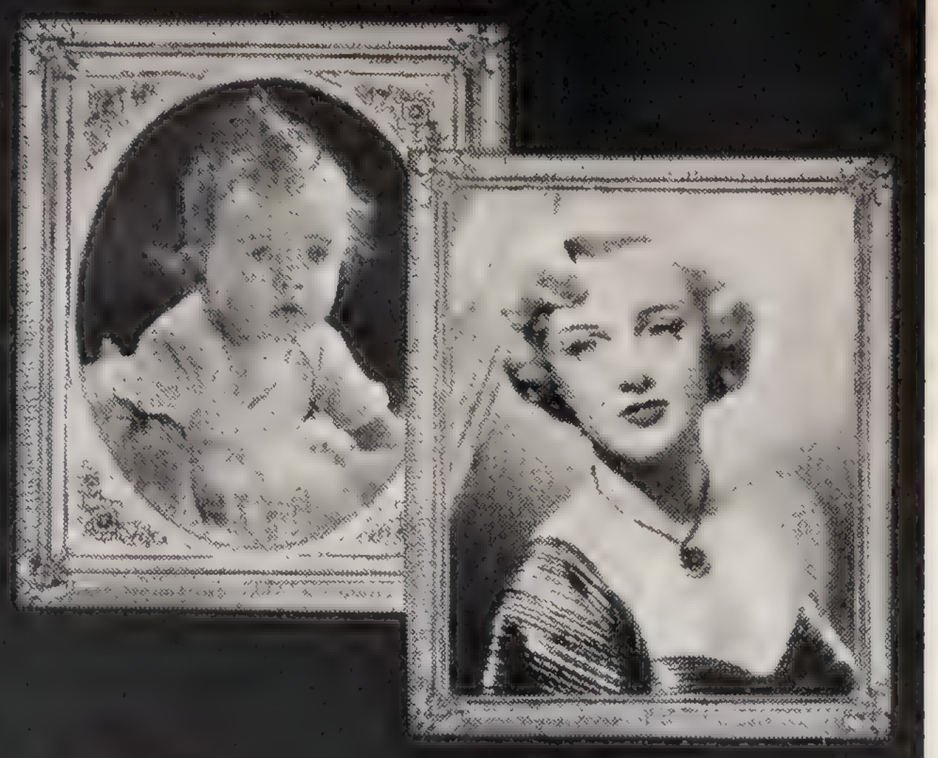

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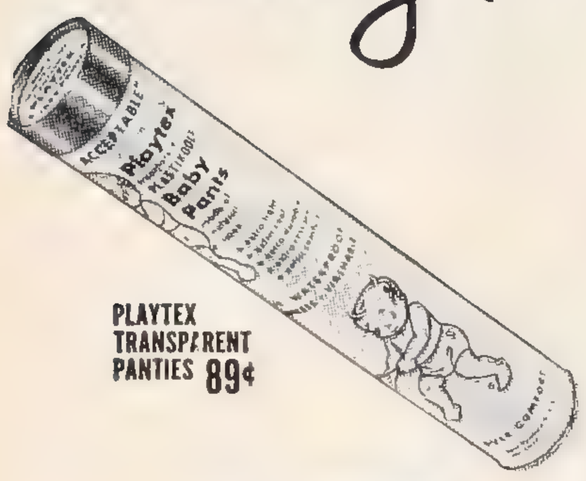

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More babies wear **PLAYTEX** than any other baby pants!

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MOVIES *continued*

FAST COMPANY
(M-G-M)

An affable race-track comedy gives Howard Keel another non-singing role, that of a trainer who deliberately keeps a horse from winning races because he wants to buy the nag at a bargain price. As its guileless (at first) owner, Polly Bergen shows increasing charm and skill as a comedienne, interpreting a slapstick love affair with gusto. Nina Foch has a familiar assignment as her heiress rival, and Marjorie Main's among the Runyonesque track habitués.

Verdict: Gay, neatly plotted comedy of the horsey crowd (Family)

NEVER LET ME GO
(M-G-M)

Clark Gable's back in form during most of this romantic melodrama, playing an American newsman with a Russian bride. Sequences showing his courtship of ballerina Gene Tierney are a little slow and arch, but villainy soon gets the action going. The Soviets expel him from the country, yet refuse to release his wife. Mean-

Clark and Gene honeymoon at the seashore

time, he's met an Englishman who's in the same situation. In this role, Richard Haydn drops his usual eccentric clowning to create a sympathetic figure. The two lonely husbands join forces, enlist the help of an experienced seaman (England's invaluable Bernard Miles), and set sail in a small fishing boat to spirit their wives out of Russia.

Verdict: Erratic but adventure-filled story of love vs. Red tyranny (Family)

JAMAICA RUN
(PARAMOUNT, TECHNICOLOR)

With Ray Milland as a cynical skipper involved in strange doings at a West Indian plantation, this melodrama gets off to an adventurous start, but winds up taking itself too seriously. Arlene Dahl's luscious to behold, playing a hard-working landowner with an alcoholic brother and mother (Wendell Corey, Carroll McComas). Laura Elliot and Michael Moore are a brother and sister induced by Patric Knowles to claim Arlene's plantation.

Verdict: Lurid murder mystery (Family)

(More reviews on page 22)

Live with Dry Skin and love it!

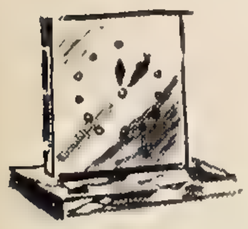
by Rosemary Hall
BEAUTY AUTHORITY

If your complexion is dry, you know its problems — the flakiness, the 'grainy' look it gives make-up, and the little dry lines that age your whole appearance. But do you know how lovely dry skin *can* be—if . . . ?

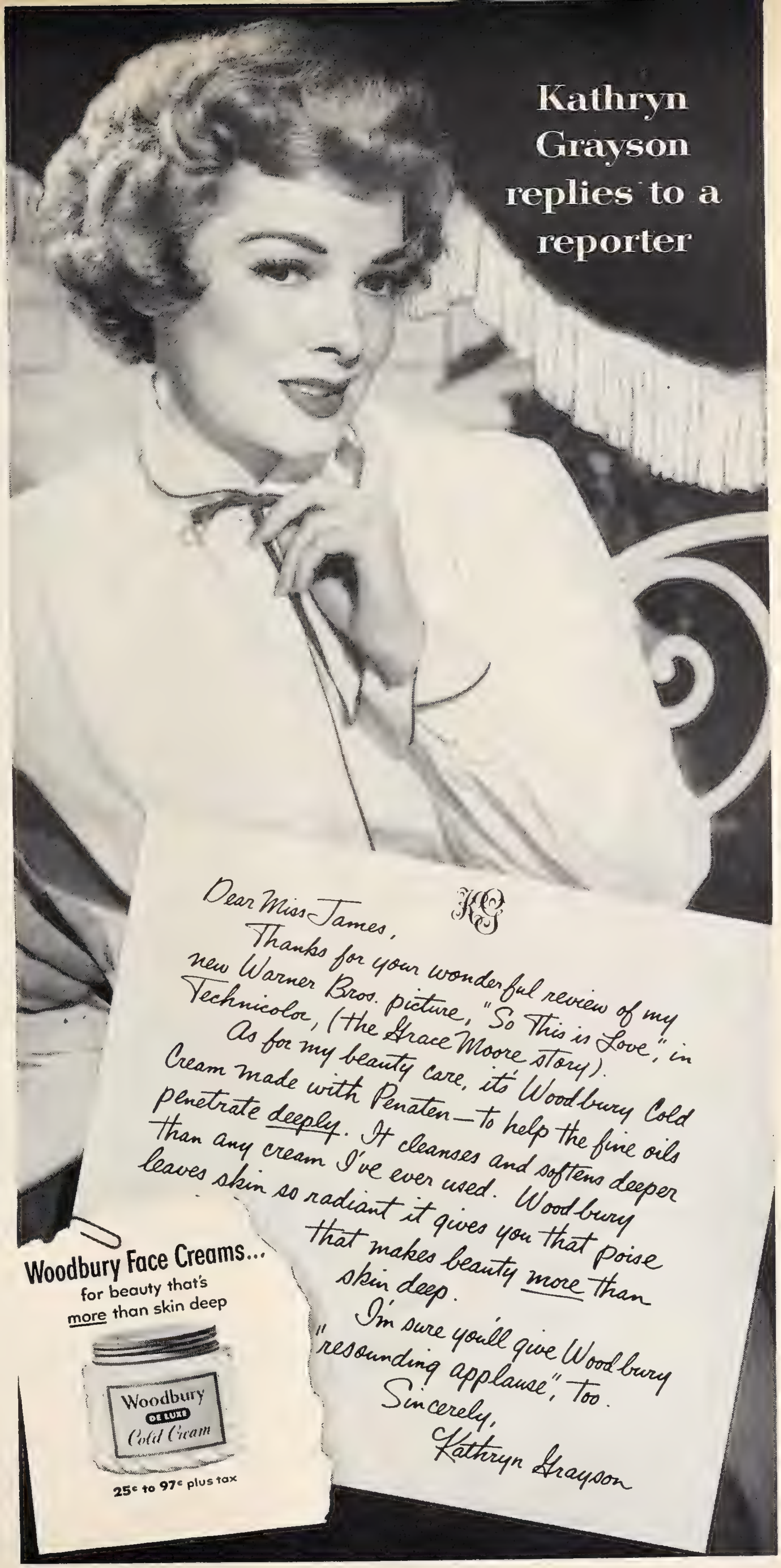
Your dry skin, with proper care, can be much more delicate-looking, much freer from blackheads, enlarged pores and unattractive shininess than other skin types. And by proper care I mean a cream you can use *effectively* in as little as 5 minutes a day—Woodbury Dry Skin Cream!

The whole secret of Woodbury Dry Skin Cream lies in a penetrating ingredient called Penaten. All dry skin creams contain softening ingredients, of course, but most of them simply 'grease' the *surface*. The Penaten in Woodbury Dry Skin Cream, on the other hand, really carries the lanolin and four other rich softening ingredients *deep into* the important corneum layer of your skin.

Five-minute routine does the trick



With your fingertips, smooth extra rich Woodbury Dry Skin Cream into your skin. Leave it on for 5 minutes . . . tissue off . . . and see in your mirror a fresher, more youthful look than you ever dreamed possible. Penaten helps the oils penetrate so quickly that 5 minutes is ample—*but you must do it regularly every day!* Start tonight and see the lovely difference tomorrow. You can get a generous introductory jar for only 25¢ and the big boudoir size Woodbury Dry Skin Cream is only 97¢, plus tax.



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Smart-fitting Sun-Bra, jaunty boxer shorts to match.
What a value at $2.98! Bra alone $1.

The Lovable Brassiere Co.
180 Madison Avenue
New York 16, N. Y.

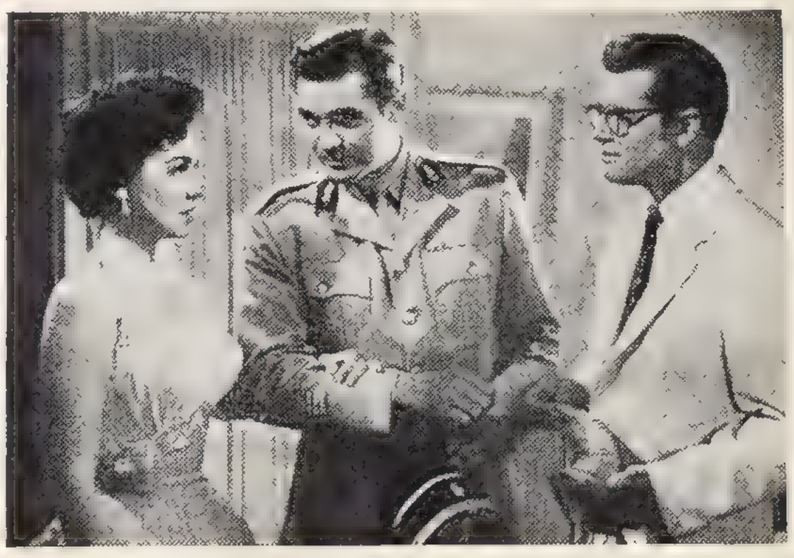
RAIDERS OF THE SEVEN SEAS
(U. A., TECHNICOLOR)

Picturesquely red-bearded, John Payne portrays a noble-hearted privateer captain, who has the good fortune to oppose the most dunderheaded set of villains to decorate any recent movie. Gerald Mohr's their leader, an elegant Spaniard whose fiancée (Donna Reed) Payne captures and holds for ransom. Land and sea battles around Cuba provide plenty of bloodshed.

Verdict: Routine swashbuckler (Family)

THE DESERT SONG
(WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR)

If you've been longing for a real old-fashioned operetta, this is it. Gordon MacRae and Kathryn Grayson both play it straight. Gordon's the bookish, sedate young man who leads a double life, going



To Kate, Steve Cochran outshines Gordon

on secret forays as the fearless leader of the downtrodden Riffs. Kathryn's the French general's daughter, who snubs one MacRae and falls madly in love with the other. The comedy relief is taken care of competently by Dick Wesson. But the music's the thing, of course, and all the well-known melodies—"One Alone," "The Desert Song," "The Riff Song"—get generous productions.

Verdict: Romance happily removed from reality, with nice music (Family)

PONY EXPRESS
(PARAMOUNT, TECHNICOLOR)

After fifty years of making Westerns, Hollywood should be able to do better than this. Charlton Heston, as Buffalo Bill, and Forrest Tucker, as Wild Bill Hickok, team up to help the first pony express get through. They must outwit a faction that wants to keep California cut off from the rest of the nation and even rouses the Indians in an attempt to stop the riders. On the side, aristocratic Rhonda Fleming and tomboy Jan Sterling are rivals for Charlton's love.

Verdict: Weakly handled Western that should have been surefire (Family)

THE VANQUISHED
(PARAMOUNT, TECHNICOLOR)

In the South of Reconstruction days, blueblood John Payne returns to find a ruthless civil administrator (Lyle Bettger) oppressing the gentlefolk of his home town. So Payne becomes his assistant in order to get evidence against him. In this snobbish story, high-born people like Payne and his sweetheart (Coleen Gray) are all high-minded; the low-born Bettger and his gaudy girl-friend (Jan Sterling) are low-lifes.

Verdict: Unconvincing melodrama, set in a legendary South (Family)

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?

Send in your votes for the stars you want to see in PHOTOPLAY

In color I want to see:

ACTOR:

(1) _____

(2) _____

ACTRESS:

(1) _____

(2) _____

I want to read stories about:

(1) _____

(2) _____

(3) _____

(4) _____

The features I like best in this issue of Photoplay are:

(1) _____

(2) _____

(3) _____

(4) _____

(5) _____

(6) _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ AGE _____

Send this ballot to Readers' Poll Editor, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

"Do your stockings tell lies about your legs?"

asks **LESLIE CARON**

• "The movie camera proves that shiny stockings often make legs look unshapely," says Leslie Caron. "That's why, in Hollywood, we insist on misty-dull nylons —to keep us Leg-O-Genic at all times."

• On the screen and off, M-G-M stars, like Leslie Caron, wear Bur-Mil Cameo nylons with exclusive Face Powder Finish. For Cameo's Face Powder Finish *assures* their legs of the permanently soft, misty dullness that glamour demands.

And Sheer 60 Gauge Bur-Mil Cameo nylons give up to 40% longer wear by actual test, too!

Here's why, on the screen and off, Leslie Caron wears Bur-Mil Cameo nylons exclusively. "*When ordinary stockings pick up reflections from Kleig lights— our legs frequently look unshapely, and that's fatal,*" *says Miss Caron, star of M-G-M's*

Lili

A PRODUCT OF BURLINGTON MILLS... WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF FASHION FABRICS

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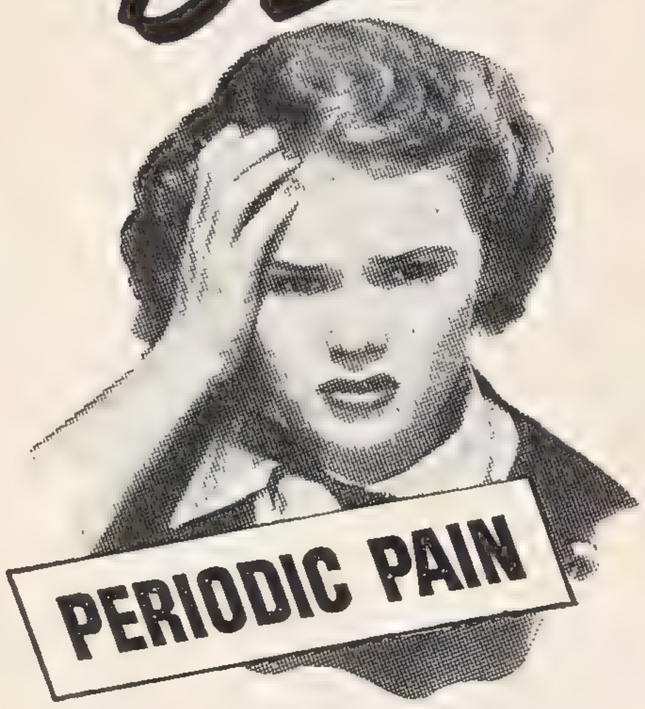
Styles from $1.25 to $1.95

Bonnie's BLUE



Don't let the calendar make a slave of you, Bonnie! Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water...that's all. Midol brings faster relief from menstrual pain —it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dep't. B-73, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.

Bonnie's GAY WITH MIDOL

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

That's Hollywood For You

I ADMIT THAT EVER SINCE Jane Powell became involved in amours, I look at her differently. Before this, I regarded her as plain Jane, sweet and pure . . . Malenkov looks like a movie extra . . . My favorite celluloid singer, female category, is Rosemary Clooney. No gimmicks, which is the nicest kind of singing . . . When I'm talking to Jane Russell, I always feel she's standing closer to me than I am to her . . . Hollywood is a place where Betty Grable can be pushed around while shopping for groceries in a Beverly Hills supermarket . . . I wish Marlene Dietrich would stop baby sitting and make a movie.

Richard Burton came here equipped. He told me: "I'm the best actor my age that I know of." . . . I'd wager this column that with proper coaching Lili St. Cyr could be a movie star . . . Most female comics (J. Davis, E. Arden, M. Raye, to mention a few) have the aggressiveness of a male when being funny. Wonder why? . . . I never believed Alan Ladd could act until I saw him in "Shane" . . . Mike Curtiz, twisted it this way: "A verbal contract isn't worth the paper it isn't written on."

Alan Ladd really shines in "Shane"

Did you ever stop to realize that everyone has two businesses—his own and show business? . . . I must ask Arlene Dahl to explain Lamas to me . . . I'm really disappointed that George Sanders doesn't treat Zsa Zsa Gabor the way he did Anne Baxter in "All About Eve" . . . Elaine Stewart has been dubbed "The Girl With Three Dimensions," but I assure you she's perfectly normal.

There's no pretense about Ava Gardner. She says, "I like being a star. It pays more, I live better, and I get a lot more time off than when I was a secretary." . . . Place a bet on Anne Francis to become a movie star . . . Hollywood is also Robert Taylor eating alone on a stool at Schwab's Drug Store and dining at LaRue's with Ursula Thiess.

Ava prefers the screen to typing!

Whenever I read that a movie star is going to Broadway to do a play, I can hear an option drop . . . It's my opinion that the headwaiters at Romanoff's and Chasen's don't like most of the people they have to give the biggest smiles to . . . Best drunk bit I ever saw in a picture: Mickey Rooney in "National Velvet" . . . Burt Lancaster has the biggest muscles and the most determination of any movie actor . . . Wonder if Piper Laurie ever sent that Oscar to the writers of "The Lavender Hill Mob."

My idea of a great accomplishment would be to take a flat-chested actress and, without deception, make her a popular movie queen . . . When a bore he was trying to avoid, phoned Groucho Marx and asked him what he was doing for dinner, Groucho replied, "Digesting it." . . . I don't care what size screen, what gimmicks, what gadgets the studios use, I insist the story is the important thing. It always was and it still is in this year of 1953-D . . . John Wayne fascinates me! He says he can't act, but darned if it doesn't come out acting up there . . . Must tell Terry Moore her sex appeal is showing.

(Continued on page 26)

More than a Girdle... better than a Corset!

New! ... a magical non-roll top, *plus* tummy-flattening latex "finger" panels that echo the firm support of your own body muscles, slim you the way *Nature* intended! Magic-Controller acts like a firming, *breathing* second skin.

See how it firms and flattens your tummy. Hidden "finger" panels and non-roll top firmly assist your body muscles, control you in *Nature's* own way!

Look how magic "fingers" lift and mold your figure. They're invisible—like the waist-slimming non-roll top that stays up without a *stay*.

Feel the fabric lining inside, new textured latex surface outside. New Playtex Magic-Controller washes in seconds—and you can almost *watch* it dry!

Amazing *New* Playtex *Magic-Controller!**

With new non-roll top and hidden power panels, it slims and supports you as Nature intended!

Here is *natural* figure control! *Natural* control that works *with* your body, not against it... *resilient*, firm control that revitalizes your proportions, your posture, your pride!

Simply hold Magic-Controller up to the light and see the hidden latex "finger" panels that firm you without a bone, stay, seam or stitch. Playtex slims, supports, *never distorts!*

Magic-Controller is all *one* piece of fabric lined latex. Every inch reflects *firm* control. It does more for you than *any* girdle, and frees you forever from restricting, constricting corsets.

Dramatic proof of its power to "fashion" your figure *naturally*, comes when you wear it under slender new styles. You'll think you've lost a *full* size . . . no matter what *your* size!

Playtex Magic-Controller
with 4 sturdily reinforced adjustable garters.

Look for Playtex Magic-Controller in this newest SLIM Playtex tube. At department stores, specialty shops everywhere, $7.95
Extra-large size, $8.95
Fabric Lined PLAYTEX GIRDLES from $4.95
FAMOUS PLAYTEX GIRDLES from $3.50
Playtex . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.

P

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most make-ups shout **"Made up!"**

Magic Touch whispers **"Natural Beauty"**

With Magic Touch, a new, wondrously beautiful complexion becomes "your very own"... so natural-looking, so flawless-appearing, with each little imperfection hidden, yet never a trace of that "made up look."

1. So easy to put on— Such magic blending!

Rub your finger-tips lightly over creamy Magic Touch. Then with gentle strokes, smooth it on face and throat, beginning with forehead. Replenish the cream on fingertips as needed. No clumsy sponge or puff, no liquid to drip or bottle to leak, no powder to spill.

2. So soft on your skin— So pleasant to use!

Blends like magic, without streaking. (Smoothing with finger-tips gives perfect color-depth control—longer smoothing lessens color.) Your skin will feel so velvety soft—look so naturally youthful, fresh and clear. Magic Touch is *new*. Don't confuse with other cream or stick make-ups.

3. Flawless beauty— Natural-looking loveliness!

Look in your mirror! Your complexion is flawless, alluring. For a dewy, fresh look, use Magic Touch *without* powder. Powder over lightly for a long-lasting, smooth *mat-finish*. (Magic Touch is never oily or greasy looking—even without powder—and always looks *natural*.)

6 magic shades

Magic Touch

... by **CAMPANA**

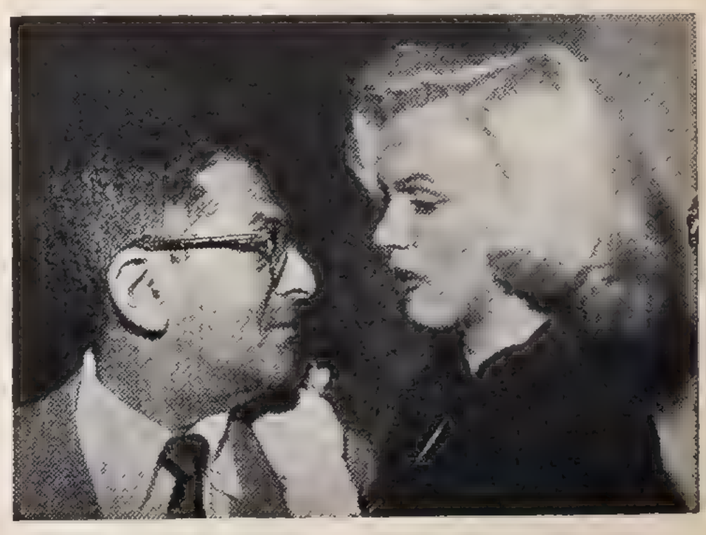
P *43¢ and $1.00*

I don't know any actress who's as calm as Ann Blyth. When asked if she had a temper, she replied with cool logic, "Doesn't everyone?" . . . Worth watching: Marlon Brando watching Marlon Brando in a movie . . . At a recent party, Anita (Miss Sweden) Eckborg wore a low-cut dress with a solid gold pin closing up half the plunge. On the pin, she had a little tag reading: Courtesy of the Johnston office.

I'd like to see Elizabeth Taylor diapering her baby in the wee hours of the morning . . . Gotta agree with Susan Hayward, who says, "Women dress for men. Make no mistake about it, a girl's clothes are her outward man-hunting equipment." Susie sleeps in the raw . . . In a movie, any time a character actor sits on a park bench, he is a philosopher . . . Hollywood is also a divorced father borrowing his young son on a Saturday afternoon to take him to a baseball game . . . Gene Tierney's protruding teeth give her a sexy look.

I like to listen to Lauren Bacall's lingo . . . Rock Hudson is the only movie actor who actually lives in a glass house. The only room with four real walls is the bathroom . . . My vote for one of the best hunks of Americana ever put on the screen is the Paul Douglas-Linda Darnell episode in "A Letter to Three Wives" . . . I heard Joe Pasternak give this advice to a newcomer: "Everything comes to him who hustles—if he waits long enough."

I'm tired of reading that Marilyn Monroe doesn't wear anything under her dress. For the record, the Monroe often wears a black bra and pink panties . . . By the way, since all the 3-D fever, a Valley drive-in has been advertising: "Last chance to see Monroe flat." . . . Since everything is 3-D around Hollywood these days, I'll sign off in an appreciable fashion this time: But don't get me wrong, I love HollywooDDD!



Sidney wishes they'd stop criticizing Marilyn

Laughing Stock...

BY

ERSKINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station)

A Western movie at U-I was rewritten before the cameras rolled and Steve McNally commented, "It's better since they rewrote it."

"You don't rewrite a Western," quipped Hugh Marlowe. "You reload it."

A Hollywood couple, after living apart for several years, finally got together again. One Hollywood cynic yawned at the news, "I knew it couldn't last."

It's Thelma Ritter's observation: "No matter how well a woman carries her years, she's bound to drop a few sooner or later."

Reaction cards were issued to the audience at a recent preview of a new film inviting "frank criticism" of the movie. One fan wrote: "You people get paid to make pictures and if you don't know what's wrong with it, I won't tell you."

Errol Flynn to a newspaper man: "I don't worry about money so long as I can reconcile my net income with my gross habits."

Gracie Allen to a friend: "My husband will never show interest in another woman. He's too fine, too decent—too old."

Ed Wynn, about to leave on a weekend hunting trip, looked at himself in the mirror and muttered to his wife, "You know, it's a good thing I'm not in season!"

Mickey Rooney wrote a screenplay, "The Gravy Train," but explained to a pal: "It's a comedy with a racetrack background, not a story of all the alimony I've paid to my ex-wives."

Janet Leigh, wife of Tony Curtis, rereceived this fan letter: "Please send me your photograph. Also your husband."

Fernando Lamas asked Jack Carson, "How many languages do you speak?"

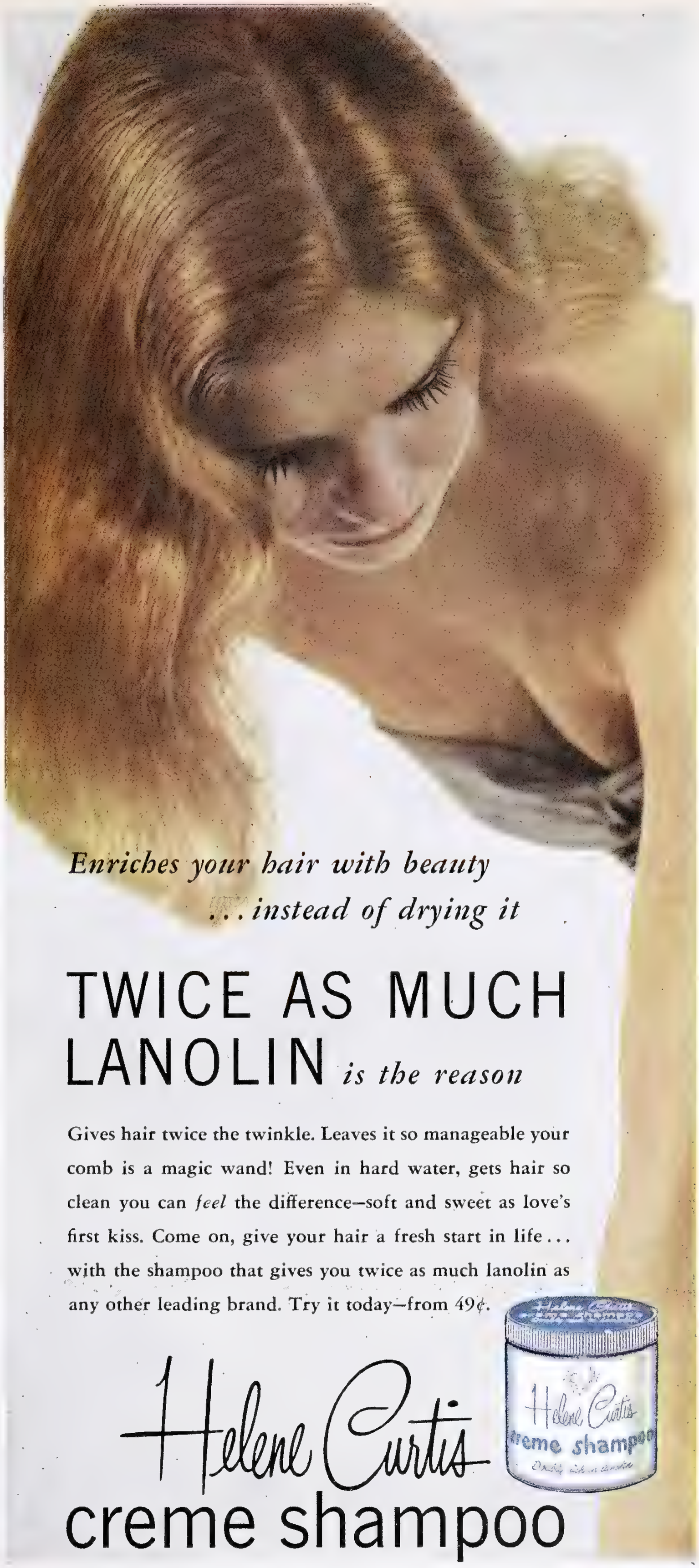
Carson flipped back, "English, the one you *don't*."

Jack Benny, after seeing a bad movie: "Only salvation for this film is to have the seats made into berths."

A movie fan visited a psychiatrist and said: "Doc, I'm worried. I have the entire ceiling and all the walls of my bedroom covered with Marilyn Monroe calendars."

"That doesn't prove there's anything wrong with you," said the Doc.

"But there must be," insisted the patient. "I sleep on my stomach."



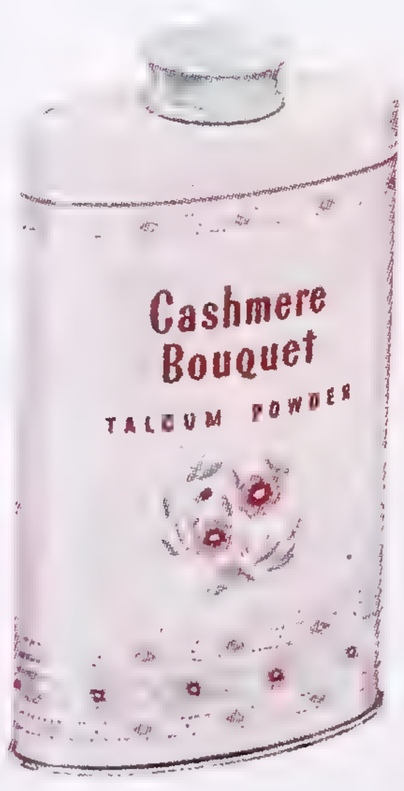
Feel Good All Over... stay
flower-fresh...dainty for hours!

Cashmere Bouquet
Talcum Powder

Now . . . feel silky-smooth from head to toe! Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder dusts you with daintiness . . . after the bath, when changing clothes, upon arising! You'll feel refreshed, relaxed, deliciously feminine! And you'll love the lingering fragrance!

With the fragrance men love!

Only 29¢ AND 43¢



Look your loveliest with Cashmere Bouquet

Hand Lotion
Face Powder
All-Purpose Cream
Lipstick

They're on the set and on their toes in M-G-M's "Give a Girl a Break"

→

DANCING DO'S AND DON'TS

From MARGE and

Says She:

Do wear fresh, flower-scented cologne or a light perfume that won't go stale during the evening.

Do wear a hair-do that will not collapse from twirling or the heat.

Do be polite when you refuse an invitation to dance. A few gracious phrases will save an embarrassing situation.

Do excuse yourself at least twice during the evening to freshen up. But don't remain in the powder room for hours gabbing with the girls.

Do wear low-heeled shoes if you're taller than your escort.

Do switch partners occasionally during the evening.

Don't wear slinky, skin-tight dresses or skirts. Take a tip from professionals who always wear full skirts. They know that the flowing of the dress is part of the dance.

Don't overload with bulky jewelry. Or wear costume jewelry that leaves tarnish marks on neck and wrists while dancing in a warm room.

Don't lead—not ever! Let the man decide which direction you're going.

Don't wear a brim hat that will get in the way, an angora sweater that will leave fuzz on your escort's jacket, or a fragile dress you're going to worry about all evening.

Don't wear gloves. A man likes to feel fingers not fabric when he holds you.

Don't spoil the mood by chattering to your partner, or shouting across the room to friends.

Don't wear new shoes, or high heels if you're not accustomed to them.

GOWER CHAMPION

Says He:

Do stay in the center of the floor if you insist on creeping or shuffling People who like to dance need the room around the edges.

Do dance with your hostess at least once during the evening.

Do take the trouble to learn *how* to dance.

Do sit out at least three dances in an evening. Dancing is a relaxation not a marathon.

Do try to look cheerful even if your date is yawn-bait.

Do check your dancing posture. Never dance so you and your partner look like a pair of parentheses.

Don't be one of those bores who grabs the mike and sings along with the orchestra. The gang back at your table may think you're a riot, but the rest of the room doesn't.

Don't abandon your partner in the middle of the floor after the music stops. A gentleman returns his dancing partner to her party.

Don't be a dance-floor show-off. Trick steps are fun at informal parties, but leave exhibition dancing to the professionals.

Don't do your necking on the dance floor. Go out in the moonlight where it's nicer.

Don't hum off-key (or on) in your partner's ear.

Don't dance slowly to fast tunes. If you don't know the rhythm or don't feel it, get off the floor.

Don't flirt with other girls over your partner's shoulder.

ON THE LAWN: Especially delightful when the weather's balmy are STANLEY "outdoor" shopping Parties. At one of these increasingly-popular Lawn Parties, Mrs. H. S. Covington, Westridge Road, Greensboro, N. C., was the gracious hostess. Here an artist illustrates her attractive home.

Outdoors or Indoors

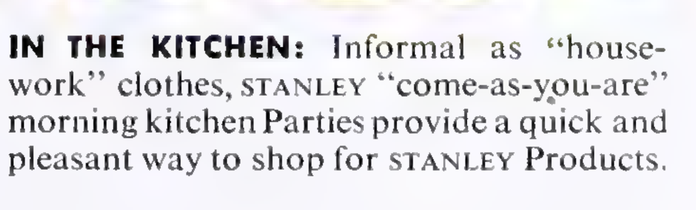
IT'S ALWAYS FUN TO SHOP AT STANLEY HOSTESS PARTIES

IN THE KITCHEN: Informal as "housework" clothes, STANLEY "come-as-you-are" morning kitchen Parties provide a quick and pleasant way to shop for STANLEY Products.

IN THE LIVING ROOM: Your living room becomes especially hospitable when you invite friends to enjoy its comfort while they shop at your STANLEY Hostess Party.

Outdoors or indoors—morning, afternoon, or evening—you'll find STANLEY Parties are always lots of fun. You just invite in your STANLEY Dealer and this friendly Dealer demonstrates, under actual use conditions, STANLEY's many value-leading, QUALITY PLUS Products. Products both to save you time and work in most every housekeeping task and to improve the family's personal grooming. Small wonder that 12,000 of these famous STANLEY Parties now take place every single day.

• *To arrange for your own* STANLEY *Party, or for any information about* STANLEY, *just phone or write your* STANLEY *Dealer, your nearest* STANLEY HOME PRODUCTS *Branch Office, or communicate direct with* STANLEY'S *Main Office in Westfield, Mass.*



STANLEY LEADS with more than 150 QUALITY PLUS Products demonstrated exclusively at STANLEY Hostess Parties: Housekeeping aids such as Mops, Brushes, Brooms, Dusters, Waxes, Polishes, Cleaning Chemicals. Personal Grooming Aids such as Toilette Articles, Bath Accessories and a wide assortment of Personal and Clothing Brushes.

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A STANLEY HOME PRODUCT

Originators of the Famous Stanley Hostess Party Plan

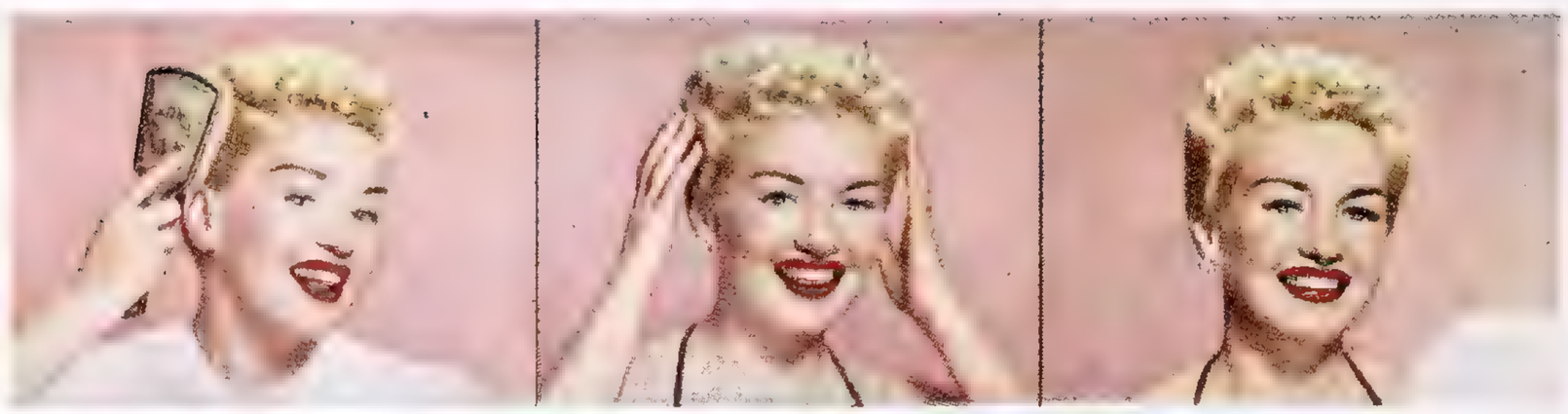
Stanley Home Products, Inc., Westfield, Mass.
Stanley Home Products of Canada, Ltd., London, Ont.

(Copr. Stanley Home Products, Inc., 1953)

Thrilling Beauty News *for users of* Liquid Shampoos!

BETTY GRABLE says, "Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo." When America's most glamorous women use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be *your* choice above all others, too?

Now! Lustre-Creme Shampoo *also* in New Lotion Form!



NEVER BEFORE—a liquid shampoo like this! Lustre-Creme Shampoo in new Lotion Form is much more than just another shampoo that pours. It's a *new* creamy lotion, a fragrant, satiny, easier-to-use lotion, that brings *Lustre-Creme glamour* to your hair with every heavenly shampoo!

VOTED "BEST" IN DRAMATIC USE-TESTS! Lustre-Creme Shampoo in new Lotion Form was tested against 4 leading liquid and lotion shampoos . . . all unlabeled. And *3 out of every 5 women preferred Lustre-Creme* in new Lotion Form over each competing shampoo tested—for these important reasons:

- Lather foams more quickly!
- Easier to rinse away!
- Cleans hair and scalp better!
- Leaves hair more shining!
- Does not dry or dull the hair!
- Leaves hair easier to manage!
- Hair has better fragrance!
- More economical to use!

Prove it to Yourself...

Lustre-Creme in new Lotion Form is the best liquid shampoo yet!

Famous Cream Form in jars or tubes, 27¢ to $1. (*Big economy size, $2.*)

New Lotion Form in handy bottles, 30¢ to $1.

POUR IT ON — OR CREAM IT ON! In Cream Form, Lustre-Creme is America's favorite cream shampoo. And all its beauty-bringing qualities are in the new Lotion Form. Whichever form *you* prefer, lanolin-blessed Lustre-Creme leaves your hair shining-clean, eager to wave, never dull or dry.

MARRIAGE AT THE CROSSROADS

● For as long as they've been married — ever since November 5, 1949 — Jane Powell and Geary Steffen have stood together, their marriage clear and strong as a beacon light in a town where marriages are more often than not apt to suggest stormy, turbulent seas.

So when word of a rift between them was heard, even shockproof Hollywood was shocked. "This," cried the cynics. "just simply can't be!" "This," shouted the dreamers, "is a very bad joke that somebody has dreamed up." And Jane and Geary, themselves, said only that, yes, there was a little trouble, but that they were sure with time and patience they could work things out.

Rumor has it that Geary's jealousy has been at the bottom of their difficulties. And people who worked with Jane and Gene Nelson during the shooting of "Three Sailors and a Girl" say that this (continued on page 80)

BY

EVE FORD

To Hollywood, Jane and Geary have always been the town's model couple

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP

OF

HOLLYWOOD

INSIDE

Janet Leigh's not amused by those separation rumors! She and Tony plan PA tour with their film, "Houdini"

That gleam in Mitzi Gaynor's hair—it's stardust—fascinates Donald O'Connor, Hugh O'Brian

Chuckle of the Month: When Mickey Rooney's telephone rang recently and he answered it, Bob Hope was on the other end. Cracked the comedian, "Is this the Irish Toulouse-Lautrec?" . . . His long legs encased in green silk tights, Howard Keel, testing for "Kiss Me Kate," turned to Kathryn Grayson and quietly said, "Now I know how Marilyn Monroe would feel if she *had* to wear—steel armor!" . . . Acoording to Victor Mature who plays *Demetrius* in "The Robe": "This is the fifth role for which my hair has to be curly. I'm beginning to look like a tall Shirley Temple!"

War Bride: The warm and tender heart of Leslie Caron was doubly saddened when her Geordie Hormel

Stern

Stern

STUFF

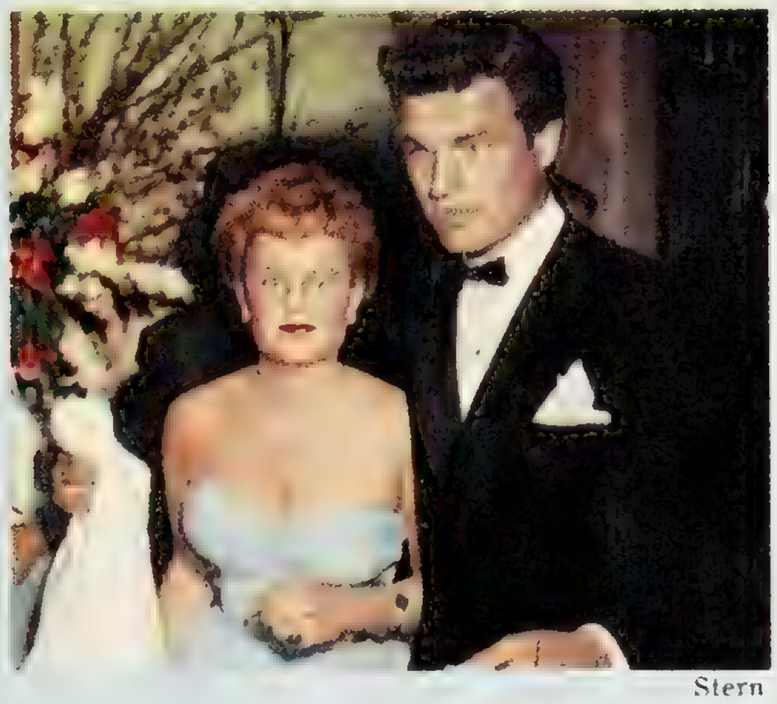
was activated into the Coast Guard Reserve. He'll see active duty for the next two years—so a columnist chose this time to announce the little French girl was contemplating divorce. She would get it, the story went, when her husband returned. The truth is, Leslie moved out of their apartment, and, along with her pets, moved in with the senior Hormels to wait for the man she loves.

Hasta la Vista: Before they left on a tour of South American theatres, Debbie Reynolds, Carleton Carpenter and Pier Angeli took daily Spanish lessons from Ricardo Montalban . . . Rock Hudson finally got that badly-needed, three-month vacation, his first in five years. "At last," he quipped, "I'll get to finish 'Gone With the Wind'" . . . Doris Day and Marty Melcher celebrated their second wedding anniversary on the train that took them to New York and all the new shows. Then they headed for Massachusetts, where, for the first time, an excited Doris met equally excited in-laws.

Switcheroos: Everyone expected Marilyn Monroe and Betty Grable to get along like a pair of panthers when they worked together. *So*—they became so friendly, Marilyn bought presents for Betty to take home to the kiddies . . . For seven long weary weeks, Jane Wyman played nineteen-year-old Richard Beymer's care-worn mother in "So Big." The day the picture finished, Janie threw a party and won (*Continued on page* 82)

Stern

Monroe of "How to Marry a Millionaire" knows how to get along with co-star Grable



Stern

Bob Wagner dated Susan Zanuck frequently —before he left for Florida and Terry Moore

Stern

Byron Palmer, with Denise Darcel, is new rave on hit parade with "Tonight We Sing"

Smith

Jane ("Zing a Little Zong") Wyman, above with new hubby Fred Karger, drops glamour for drama in "So Big"

Stern

Beauteous Anne Baxter is hardly ever alone—but is she really enjoying her freedom since parting with John Hodiak?

Stern

When Farley Granger stepped out of his shell to start stepping, everyone looked for the reason. Here she is—Dawn Addams

IF THIS ISN'T LOVE!

With Bob Wagner and Terry Moore it's only natural for exciting things to happen—even romance!

BY BEVERLY OTT

● The sun was shining in Tarpon Springs, Florida, and the cast and crew of "Twelve Mile Reef" were at work. In front of the cameras Bob Wagner, portraying a youthful sponge diver, went through the scene in which he brought Terry Moore home to his family and announced, "This is the girl I've married."

Bob had no sooner finished the speech than a small voice was heard from the sidelines. "Gee!" said the enthusiastic young girl. "Are you and Terry really married?" Bob assured the girl that he and Terry were not man and wife. Although no one realized it at the time, this was the first of a series of statements on the subject. For despite the perfect Florida weather a storm broke that afternoon when newspaper headlines throughout the country read: TERRY MOORE AND BOB WAGNER TO WED.

The storm was man-made; they're still looking for the man who made it. The story originated in Chicago, where one of the wire services picked up a news release. It concerned the fact that Terry's divorce from Glenn Davis would become final the following day. The story also stated quite truthfully that Terry was on location in Florida for "Twelve Mile Reef" and that she and leading man Bob Wagner, who had dated her in Hollywood, were continuing to be seen together in Tarpon Springs, Florida. And then the story wandered into the unlimited realm of imagination: Terry and Bob were expected to marry within a week.

Now this was big news to everyone, including the couple most concerned. The tale wasn't entirely unbelievable to those who have learned to expect the unexpected from Hollywood personalities. In print the story appeared impressive and official. In addition a great many matchmakers reasoned that Terry and Bob would make an ideal pair. And of course everyone was well aware that one of Florida's most popular properties is a moon that encourages matrimony.

Said a close friend of Bob and his family: "I've known R. J. since he was a kid. I know how serious he is about his career. And I'm sure he has always been sincere when he said he didn't intend to marry until he was about thirty years old."

But another intimate was less skeptical: "You never know what to expect from him. Sometimes he's laughing, clowning, looking as if he never had a serious thought in his life. And then again he is intense, absorbed. He is certainly unpredictable."

That Monday night there was no rest for the weary in Tarpon Springs. There were calls from Hollywood friends and from newspaper people. Denials were being issued from Tarpon Springs as late as 2:00 A.M. on Tuesday morning. "No, there are absolutely no wedding plans," was the answer to all queries. "Terry's divorce is final today. She and Bob have dated and they're seeing a lot of each other. They are issuing no statements."

Also issuing no statements were the girls in Hollywood whom Bob had been dating: Debbie Reynolds, Susan Zanuck, Debra Paget, Lori Nelson. There was silence, too, from Terry's large group of admirers: Nicky Hilton, Laurence Harvey, Greg Bautzer, golf pro Al Besselink. Only ex-husband Glenn Davis took any significant action. He quietly married Texan Ellen Slack.

But the nation's reporters were still wondering. "Okay," said one. "So there are no wedding plans yet. But something must be happening. And if this isn't love. . . ." (*Continued on page* 73)

Red hair, they say, goes with temper and temperament. What happens to the girl who's dyeing —to be a carrot-top?

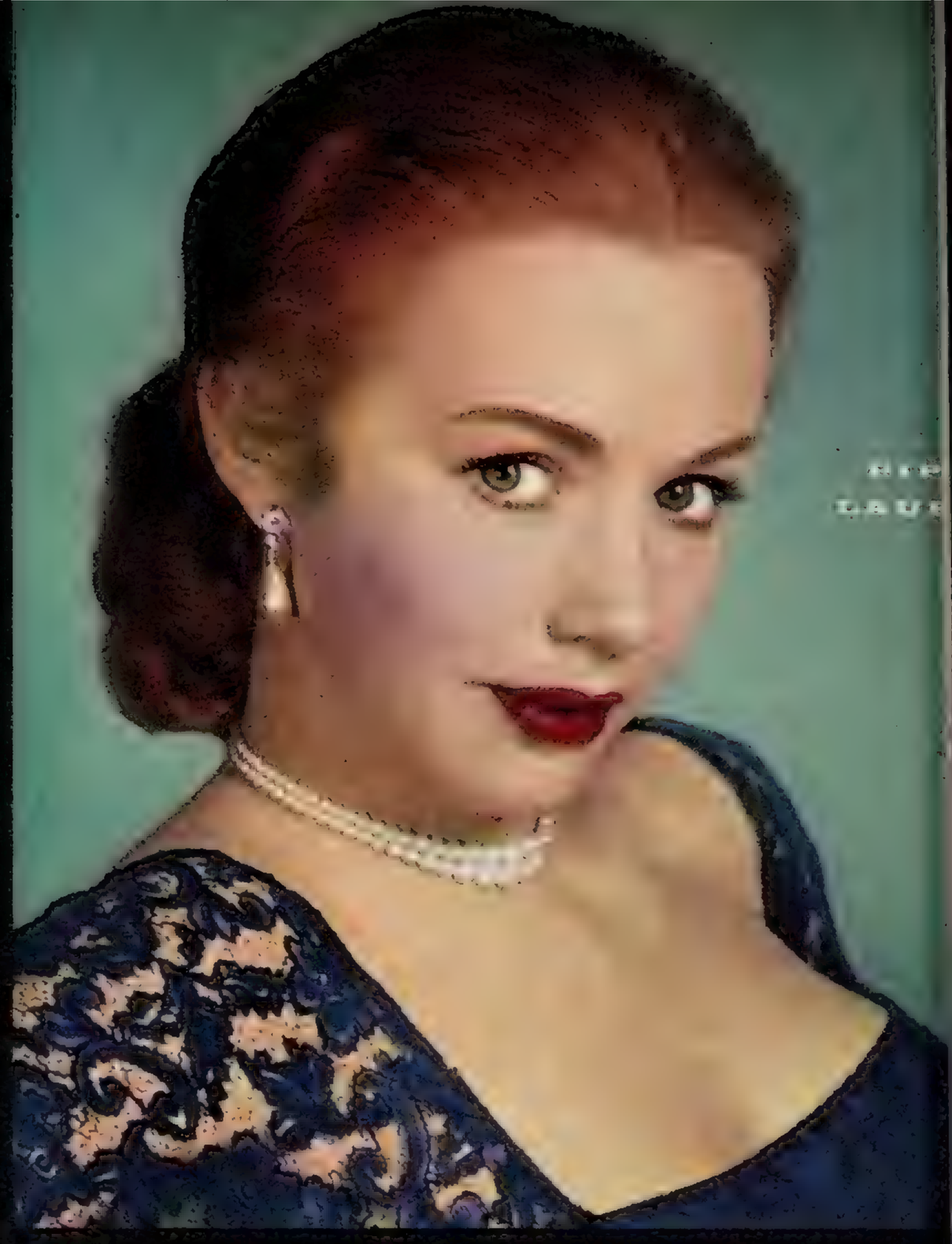
BY FLORABEL MUIR

• • • There's a patter chorus to that solid heartbreak song, "St. Louis Blues," that winds up something like this: "But a red-headed woman is the woman that does the harm."

The warning is as old as history. Redheads seem to have a mysterious built-in something that makes men reel — while other women recoil. In Hollywood the redhead holds a special place in the scheme of things. When she hoves into sight, directors duck and producers squirm — and all over America theatre owners get ready for long lines at the boxoffice.

Redheads make headlines — take Arlene Dahl or Maureen O'Hara as examples. And they make conversation. Susan Hayward, for instance, never backs away from a controversial subject. Scarlet-topped Piper Laurie may seem sweet and demure, but she knows every instant just what she's doing —ask those who've crossed her!

What's most remarkable in these tempestuous bundles of talent and temper is that the qualities they have in common seem to exist whether the girls were born with (Continued on page 71)



Jones

RED

Powolny

SAN
YWARD

MAUREEN
O'HARA

Engstead

PEPPER

Schafer

Fraker

DEBORAH
KERR

ARLENE
DAHL

Overnight hits are nothing new,

but even Hollywood wasn't prepared for

that Clooney personality punch

Gayer than Swingtime

BY

JANE WILKIE

• When Paramount previewed "The Stars Are Singing" in Maysville, Kentucky, the town staged a welcome fit for a homecoming hero. All the citizens turned out to cheer their Rosemary Clooney, along with more than ten thousand people from neighboring towns.

It was a big day for Rosie, with a busy itinerary squeezed into a few hours. The parade down the main street was ready to start when she discovered no one had picked up her Grandmother Guilfoyle. So the parade waited while a police car rushed to the Guilfoyle house. In the back seat Rosemary, star of the day, huddled on the floor so no one could see her. Arrived at the house, she flew up the steps and pulled open the front door.

Grandmother Guilfoyle regarded her in amazement. "Oh, my goodness! Is the parade outside?"

"No. Come on, put on your bonnet—we're going to take you into town."

Mrs. Guilfoyle peered out the front window. "In a *police* car? My goodness, I've never ridden with the cops before."

Rosemary's barrel-house laugh roared through the house. "Come on," she said, and put her grandmother's little hat with the bunch (*Continued on page* 84)

Hits of "The Stars Are Singing," Lauritz Melchior, Maria Alberghetti and Rosie, test own voices with "tone bowls"

Rosemary, guesting with Jim Stewart, Gordon MacRae on the Crosby radio show, will be with Bing in "White Christmas"

Rendezvous with Romance

• The whole world loves romancers, the saying goes, and it goes doubly when the romancers are a pair as dazzlingly handsome as Lana Turner and Lex Barker.

A few months ago Lana's dates with Lex were very hush-hush. Then he began to visit her on the set of "Latin Lovers" and to wait for her outside the M-G-M studios to drive her home each day. Having finished his own "Tarzan and the She Devil" and "Thunder Over the Plains," Lex arranged his day to suit Lana's schedule. Soon he was turning up wherever Lana

Photos by Smith

went: first in Hollywood; then in Aspen, Colorado; next in Palm Springs. And finally there he was—surprise—on Lana's plane as she took off for Paris!

From the look of things, it's all right with Lana if Lex keeps right on appearing wherever she may be. Certainly these exclusive PHOTOPLAY pictures—taken during their holiday together in Palm Springs—show more clearly than all the talk about town that the feeling between Lana and Lex—however that feeling may be defined—is obviously strictly mutual!

"Will Lana and Lex wed?" That's the question

. . . they've eyes only for each other, whether

. . . they're sunning, playing tennis or dancing

Eve discovered the secret—and
a lot of clever girls ever since have
made good use of her formula

Hollywood vs. Marilyn Monroe

BY HILDEGARDE JOHNSON

For years, Hollywood has been awaiting a Marilyn Monroe: the essence of sex, a personality so exciting that column after column of free publicity, photo after photo would be devoted to recording her latest sayings and doings. And when Marilyn finally, definitely arrived, what happened? At first, hats were thrown gleefully in the air, and then, in a sudden reversal, all the town's heavy artillery was hauled out to assail her with a walloping barrage of criticism.

The battle really began with the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Awards dinner. Wearing a gold lamé dress of such intimate design that it had to be sewed on her, Marilyn walked up to receive her award—walked in the uninhibited manner that is uniquely Monroe. And the attack started, with Joan Crawford playing general. "Like a burlesque show," said the dignified and distinguished-looking Miss Crawford. "Those of us in the industry just shuddered. Apparently Miss Monroe is making the mistake of believing her publicity."

Others in the motion-picture business joined the assault. Writers and publicists agreed with Joan. The movie business, they said, should have outgrown such shenanigans.

The next day, worried Twentieth Century-Fox executives took an informal poll by phone to find whether their prize property had indeed endangered her boxoffice value. Her walk

continued on
next page →

Hollywood vs. Marilyn Monroe

CONTINUED

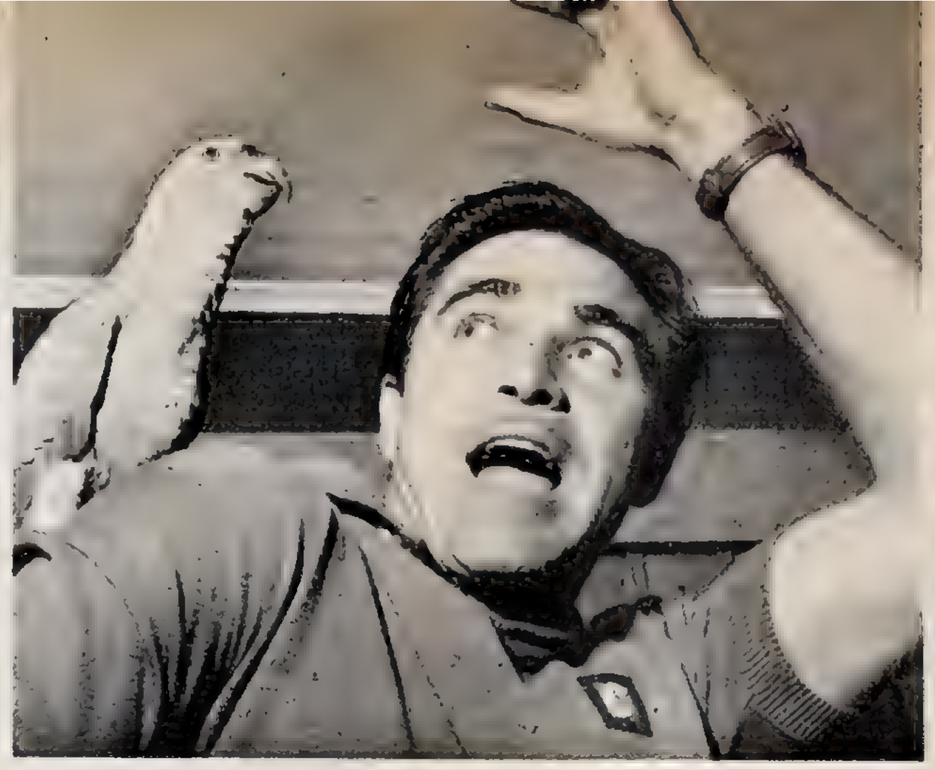
Why does Hollywood pick on Marilyn? After

had aroused laughter. Was that good? Was that bad? Uncertain which way to jump, the executives decided to play it safe, and Marilyn made her next important public appearance wearing a comparatively modest dress-with-jacket outfit that subdued her outstanding characteristics.

"Sex," Joan had said, "plays a tremendously important part in every person's life. People are interested in it, intrigued with it. But they don't like to see it flaunted in their faces. . . . They don't like to see it exploited . . ."

all, sex was certainly not her invention

They *don't?* Let's see whether Hollywood was justified in the sudden caution that put Marilyn under wraps. Remember (as Joan and Hollywood didn't) another young actress who once smashed into movies with tactics quite as reckless. This was a voluptuous beauty given to dancing the Charleston on table-tops in her movies—and to ardently living her role in her private life. Cast as a flaming flapper on the screen, she later admitted, "I did feel that I was that type of girl. Consciously or (*Continued on page* 98)



Sought after and on top of the world, moody Steve Cochran is still a

LONELY LOCHINVAR

BY HYATT DOWNING

• The house where Steve Cochran lives crouches, somewhat apologetically, under a frowning hill. Facing Yoakum Drive, a street which Steve himself describes as little more than a wide ditch, it merges into its background naturally. It could be the property of a workman in an airplane factory or a gardener, but it certainly would never be pointed out as the home of one of Hollywood's most important young male stars. And this is precisely why it suits Steve Cochran right down to the ground.

Now well launched on a career which he has pursued long and devotedly, Cochran, at first glance, does not seem the sort of person who would choose a nondescript house. A bachelor—young and handsome enough to titillate the heart of most any young woman—he looks like the kind of male who's most in demand in a community that's hungry for eligible males.

But Steve conducts his life exactly as he chooses—and this does not include much of the kind of gaiety Hollywood is famous for. Almost any cool California evening when he's not working, he can be found sprawled in front of the huge stone fireplace in his library, his legs stretched out to a log blaze, a book in his hand, Tchaikovsky, his dog, curled up at his feet, and his parrot, Clarence, hovering in the background. He's proud of the fact that he's often alone, and he wonders how anyone could be lonely when there are so many good books waiting to be read. But his door is never locked and people, all sorts of people, wander in at the most improbable hours. (*Continued on page 76*)

Two's Company

Start of a perfect day —a tour of the UN building in New York

It's love, love, love—

and Fernando Lamas—that

has Arlene Dahl looking

like a dream walking

BY KATHERINE KINGSLEY

Seeing the Manhattan highspots together was a sentimental . . .

. . . journey for Fernando and Arlene, who six months before . . .

. . . to the day . . . had a first date with each other . . . and with Fate!

● Arlene has been variously described as the "beautiful Dahl," the "practical Dahl," "the efficient Dahl" and the "incomparable Dahl." But no one—by the wildest stretch of the imagination—would ever have thought of dubbing her as either sentimental or flighty.

Not, that is, before she began to be one-half of the inseparable Dahl-Lamas duo! But since Fernando, the tempestuous Latin lover, took over, Arlene has been a surpisingly new person.

She deftly juggles several careers—movies, lingerie manufacturing, writing a column—and, in the past, she has made sure that her every statement to the press would be sure to advance one—or preferably all—of them. Now, she won't even talk to the press—about anything—unless Fernando is in on the interview.

She won't pose for a picture that doesn't include the light of her life, and she makes no plans—either social or business—that exclude Lamas.

And those who know her best state quite firmly that she has never looked more beautiful, been more scintillatingly witty or so downright happy in her life before.

Fernando Lamas, as everybody around Hollywood knows, is one of the most sought-after males to hit the town in a long, long time. There's a magic something in his personality that starts the ladies setting ther very best new caps the minute their eyes fall on him.

And, as always, with men who are as much in demand as he is, there's an easy-come, easy-go manner—a debonair Casanova attitude—that drives the ladies wild.

Fernando Lamas is a man who's used to calling the turn. He wants what he wants when he wants it and not one minute later. That's why this town was so surprised when Fernando went along to New York with Arlene this spring, when she had to be there on business. It remembered—very vividly—his adamant refusal to go either to Mexico or to Las Vegas with Lana Turner when their romance was at its height.

Now no one thinks of Fernando Lamas as the docile type. No one believes for a moment that he would have taken the trip across country just to please Arlene—or just to see the lights of Broadway—if he hadn't wanted to go.

And the fact that he did go has made the movie world feel there may be something to all those marriage rumors that have been making the rounds.

At this moment, neither Arlene nor Fernando is making any statements on the subject. They just keep on looking into each other's eyes, keep on dancing together, keep on giving the town cause to do some of the busiest speculating it's done for some years.

Those who remember that their romance burst (*Continued on page* 89)

Look What's Happening To Farley!

By Beverly Linet

Those dates with Dawn Addams are only the beginning—of a new and different Granger story

● It began the night of Hollywood's gala opening of "Call Me Madam." Farley Granger was invited. Although his R.S.V.P. said he would come, no one really expected him.

But at 8:30 P.M. sharp, a blue Buick convertible drew to a halt before the Ritz Theatre in Beverly Hills, and Farley stepped out with Dawn Addams. Immediately flashbulbs popped; columnists took

notes—all certain that this was a rare opportunity to catch Farley on the town.

But they were mistaken. At the next big premiere, "Lili," Farley was very much in evidence again. And again, Dawn Addams was on his arm. Later that evening, at Leslie Caron's big post-premiere party, Farley and Dawn were among the merriest of all the merry-makers on hand.

This started a barrage of questions flying in all directions: What's come over Farley? Is it a new romance? Or is he just having a brief fling in the spotlight before returning to his tight circle of intellectual friends, his books and his records?

The truth is that Farley Granger has burned his bridges behind him and is looking ahead to a rewarding future. (*Continued on page* 78)

Date with son Terry: It's not always as quiet as this one!

Date with friend Charlotte Greenwood: Chatting in the sun

Date with her dressing table — for scene in "Calamity Jane"

Date with husband Marty — and the best date of all ⟶

• Ask anyone lucky enough to grab a few minutes with Doris Day and you'll learn it's like getting a new charge out of life. Especially on her own ground! The atmosphere's so relaxed you wonder if you're at the wrong house — no star's home could be like this! You may find Marty Melcher having his umpteenth cup of coffee in the kitchen while wife Dodo is busy rehearsing the next day's scene in another room. Or maybe Dodo is in the backyard, giving son Terry a workout at volleyball. Or just sitting on the lawn, chatting cosily over cakes and coffee with a friend — her freckles getting browner by the minute. And, sharing in the happiness around her, you'll know why these are the dates that matter to Dodo, who makes movies for a living, but makes her home a place where two fellows — Marty and Terry — are really living!

Photos by Stern

DATE WITH DODO

Over . the threshold for Mrs. James: July, 1943

NICE GOING,

They christened their first Victoria Elizabeth in 1944

And gave her a giant-sized birthday cake a year later

Their ranch serves them as hideaway and hobby

She may be Betty Grable at the boxoffice but she's just Mrs. James on home ground

● The sharp buzz of the telephone, like a giant bee, slashed through the stillness of the polished mahogany-paneled library. The pair of glamorous legs which has become an international institution swung gracefully over the side of the fiery red chair. Clak-clak-clak sang the high heels on a pair of trim red 4B's.

Plopping herself down on the ottoman, Betty picked up the receiver and said "Hello" in her little girl's voice.

"Is this the Grable residence?"

Slam-bang went the receiver.

In a few moments the performance was repeated—all except the slam-bang.

"Do you, by any chance, mean the James' residence?" asked Betty, with more than a hint of asperity in her voice.

This is the kind of thing that helps explain why Mr. and Mrs. Harry James' relatives and friends searched Hollywood's gift shops for a tin memento to commemorate the James' tenth anniversary on July 5, 1953.

For in this elegant English-style country house there is no Betty Grable—merely Betty James. "I know it has to be Betty Grable on the marquees, but otherwise it's Mrs. Harry James," is how Betty puts it. "I'm old-fashioned enough to believe that a married woman shouldn't keep her single name in private life. I just squirm when anyone introduces me as Miss Grable in Harry's presence. And it makes him uncomfortable, too."

The world's most popular blonde and the world's Number One swing trumpeter have chalked up ten years of happy marriage, despite the fact that any marriage counselor, back on that stifling, desert-hot wedding night in Las Vegas ten years ago, would have counted their chances slim. Hollywood's wisenheimers, even without scientific training, predicted a quick bust-up. For these two popular public idols seemed made to break every marriage rule in the book.

A good marriage, say the pundits, is most likely when both husband and wife have lived normal lives in solid, steady homes with two parents present. Harry James, son of roving circus performers, was born in that metaphorical trunk. His father was a circus band leader, his mother, an aerialist who swung from a trapeze until one month before her son was born, then rejoined the (*Continued on page* 90)

BY JANE CORWIN

MRS. JAMES !

Jessica and Vicki both share their parents' enthusiasm for ranch life

Photograph by Ornitz: Jeff is in "The Great Sioux Uprising"

Jeff Chandler

Covered wagons on Sunset and Vine . . . the deep tones of a cello . . . two hearts carved on a redwood tree . . . portrait etched in bronze . . . an eagle in full flight . . . untamed frontiers

Tony Curtis

Community dancing on a city block . . . apple strudel
and Rhine wine . . . Ali Baba in a leather windbreaker . . .
a ride on a rocket ship . . . romance in the bleachers

Photograph by Smith and Fink: Tony's in "Houdini" and "Forbidden"

Cupid knew what he was doing when he matched these dolls and their daddies

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

THEY'RE NEVER TOO YOUNG OR TOO OLD

● Bernard Shaw said that youth is wasted on the young. It may be. But in Hollywood it's certainly appreciated by the old. Any time is kissing time—and as the old song puts it, love has no rhyme nor reason till man has reached his prime. To prove it, there are dozens of successful marriages in Hollywood in which the man is from fifteen to thirty years older than the bride who was young enough to blush when she said "I do." Take the case of Liz Taylor: She married Michael Wilding in such a rush it looked as if she were running away from something. She certainly was fleeing from someone—and I do mean Nicky Hilton. They were two lost kids who never found each other. But Mike, old enough to be his wife's father—if he had married young—has the beautiful brunette adoring him twenty-four hours a day.

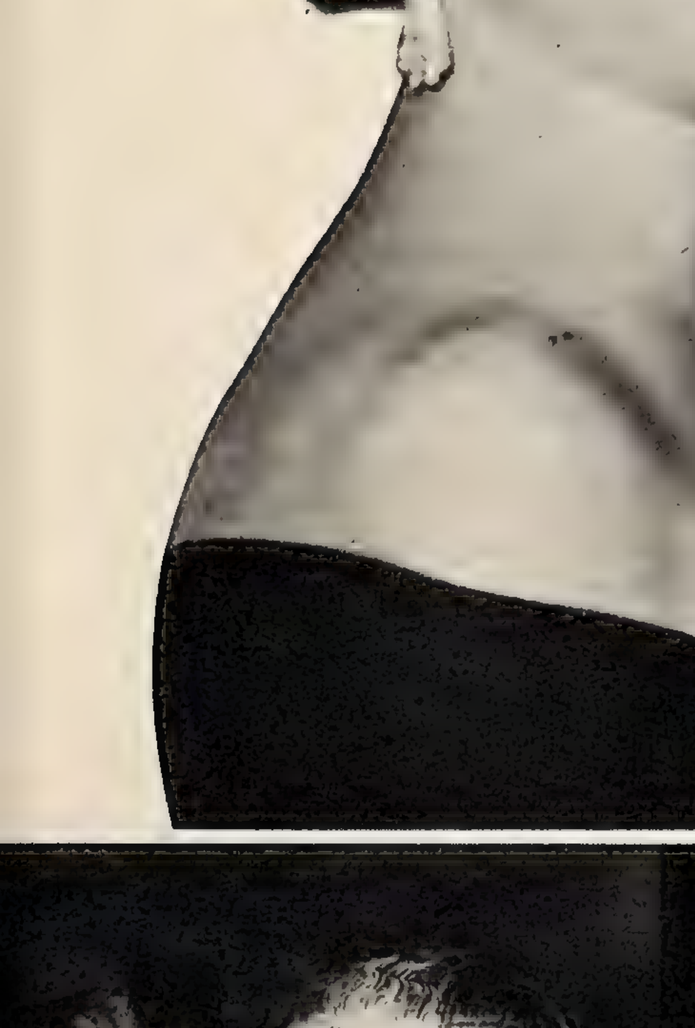
Mrs. Mike used to live for night clubs. Now she lives for Mr. Mike and little Mike. And it isn't all one-sided. When a friend (*Continued on page* 87)

Does Piper prefer Carlos Thompson to not-so-young Leonard Goldstein?

The laugh's on the bunch who said the Bogart-Bacall marriage couldn't last

There's not a happier pair around than Mr. and Mrs. Richard Powell

Marriage to her "older man" has given Liz her first real contentment



So far, it's so-o-o-o good for Joan Caulfield and Frank Ross

Virginia Mayo's sure there couldn't be a husband more perfect than her Mike O'Shea

Unfazed by gossip, the Stewart Grangers stay happily together

Quick

PHOTOPLAY

★

STAR FASHIONS

FOR FUN

***Nimble Debbie** Reynolds (of M-G-M's "Affairs of Dobie Gillis") kicks her heels in ideal weekend outfit, six-piecer by Ike Clark of Dallas, in fire-red and polka-dot sudsable rayon-linen. 8-18. Jacket, blouse, skirt, each under $8; shorts, tank top, hat, each under $6. Red Cross shoes. Kayser gloves. Lujean bag*

All fashion photos by Dan Wynn

Change Artists

Double-feature fashions (quick-change for small change!)

make your summer just as much fun as a circus!

Doll-like Debbie, *as lively as a circus herself, glides through the air with the greatest of ease in the Foursome, package-wardrobe by Koret of California, a scene-stealer any time of day or night. 10-18, about $25, including matching patent belt. Scramble-print pique in red or black on white for skirt and shorts, and in the reverse for blouse and camisole*

TURN THE PAGE FOR MORE FUN FASHIONS

Quick-Change Artists

Continued

Bright new star *Maggie McNamara (see her in U-A's "The Moon is Blue") loves fun and sun too, gets both in clever red and white striped terry coat-dress for street or beach, Teena Paige, 7-15, under $15; gives it city airs with Kayser gloves. At beach, uncovers surprise: gingham boy shirt 'n' shorts (left), Smartee, 10-16, under $3 each*

Just to prove *fashion is more fun than it is spinach (and just as sensible!) Maggie shows town-or-tan versatility of Loomtogs' two-piecer, 10-16, 9-15. Gay as her mood on swing, a grown-up green cotton romper suit, under $6. Green, white Polynesian-print skirt gives city look. Under $8. Lujean bag. Ray-Ban sunglasses. All jewelry, Bergere*

MORE FUN
FASHIONS →

Dream come true! *Fast as a movie switches scenes you can look as dreamy as Maggie does (above) and change like magic into precious play outfit (right). Take your cue! Wear her Petti separates: a ruffled white Everglaze cotton blouse, on or off shoulder, under $5; ruffly, flower-printed skirt, under $9; real and rugged Levi shorts, under $3. All, 9-15. Polka-dotted cotton scarf, Buchner. Straw box bag by Jana*

Phyllis Kirk, *light-hearted and lovely as any circus ballerina, says fashion* should *be fun—and stunning! Proving a point, she does an excited whirl (left) in dressed-up version of McArthur black, white woven-check gingham weekender, 10-18, under $18, which comes with its own black patent belt. Jauntee hat, Jana bag, Kayser gloves. Dropping trim, town-look with the skirt, she poses above in fun-and-sun version, a one-piece playsuit with black pique shorts. Neckline's convertible, and suit fastens snugly with jet shoe buttons to below waist. Bergere chalk earrings. She's in Warners' "The City Is Dark"*

Quick-Change Artists

Continued

Dark-eyed Phyllis *(right and below) is right on top of the world in a foursome by Juniorite that's all things to any girl's summer! In Sea-Blue denim, trimmed with chalky white ric-rac, 9-15. Phyllis loves slim-jim, tapered pedal pushers, buttoned at calf, under $4; the wide-swinging skirt, under $6; denim-trimmed white T-shirt, under $2; and that last touch, a smart little denim cloche, about $1.59. Kayser nylovent gloves. Red calf ankle strap sandals by Velvet Step. Lujean bag*

All fashions in this issue available in Carousel Junior Sports Shops in all Oppenheim Collins Stores. These and other stores throughout the country are listed on page 81

Phyllis pleads, *"Tell them, please, that I don't really talk to horses!"*
But that champagne personality fizzes when she gets into a lively Helen Harper outfit, to greet a carousel nag and swing on a circus rope. Her charcoal denim separates, dotted with white flocking. Pedal pushers, with cotton knit insert at calf for snug fit, under $4; white cotton T-blouse trimmed with denim, under $2; gored skirt, under $5; knit-trimmed box jacket, under $4. 10-16.

LOOK WHO'S HERE

BY RICHARD LEON

ELAINE STEWART

Auburn hair, brown eyes, 118 pounds, 5'6½". Bust 34", waist 23", hips 34"
Born: Montclair, New Jersey, 5/31/30
Pictures: "The Bad and the Beautiful," "Take the High Ground"

TOM MORTON

Brown hair, brown eyes, 170 pounds, 5'11"
Born: New York, New York
Pictures: "The Stars Are Singing," "Main Street to Broadway"

ELAINE STEWART, if she lives up to her billing as the "Girl with 3-D," says the dimension she'll be proudest of is Depth. M-G-M's fast-rising, long-stemmed beauty is a thinker, of all things, and doesn't consider the habit one she necessarily ought to break.

"That's why you usually see me around town with good Joes instead of good looks. The men I date don't see anything comical about my having wanted to be a surgeon if all these wonderful things hadn't happened to me in Hollywood. When I mention the serious novel I have outlined, they don't fall over laughing. In short, they aren't phonies and they don't insult my intelligence with that tired old line of what do I need brains for. They're interested—so they're interesting.

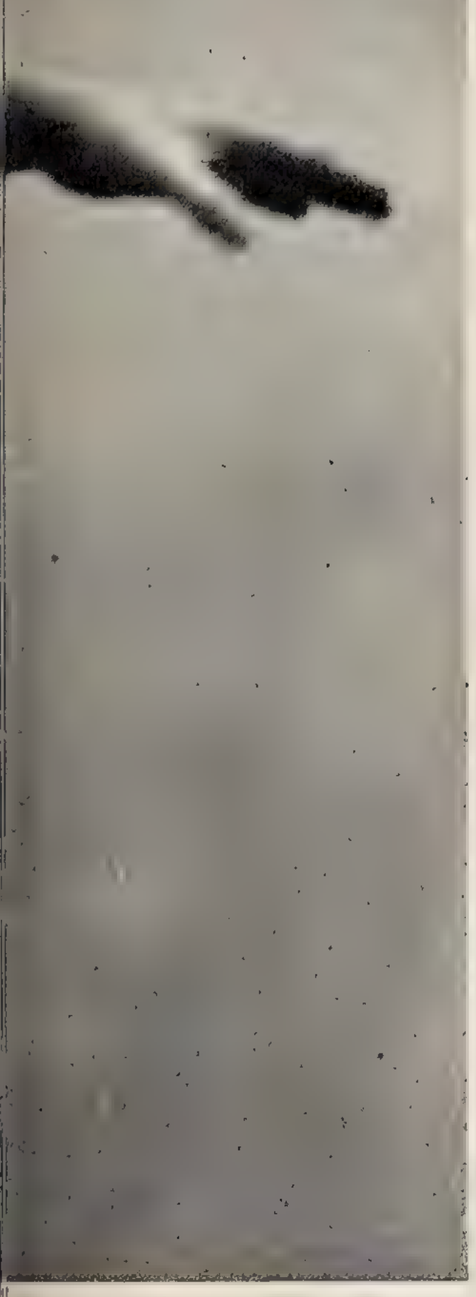
TOM MORTON does one thing badly —and that is resting. The only reason he doesn't rest better is that he's too busy forging a many-faceted career for Tom Morton, using all his varied talents.

In his first picture, "Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie," Tom was seen as a dancer; in the current "The Stars Are Singing," he adds his vocal charms, as well. And in M-G-M's soon-to-be released "Main Street to Broadway," his most important picture to date, Tommy plays his first straight dramatic role.

A boy from the sidewalks of New York, Tom says California is great. A boy who broke into show business on Broadway, he loves Hollywood and everything about picture business. A boy who likes girls. What type? Tommy's eyes light up and a grin stresses the off-beat appeal of his face. "I'd love to date girls like Rita Hayworth and Marilyn Monroe, just to hear the other guys say, 'Hey, get a load of that Morton! Does he rate!' They're really movie queens, glamorous the way kids think all movie stars are."

Morton didn't start out as a ball of fire in the Hollywood hearts-and-flowers department, however. When he was signed to an option contract at Twentieth, the first girl on the lot he asked for a date was Debra Paget, whose views on that subject were presumably known to everyone in the world except Tom Morton.

He does date Debbie Reynolds. ("But I'm not the kind of guy (*Continued on page* 96)



"The trouble with dating leading men is that they're so conscious of themselves and their beauty. I've had to resist the temptation to say, 'Look, boy, get with it. There are a lot of things in this world more important than your profile. A lot is going on that you are missing because you can't see beyond the end of that nose.'"

When the name of Marilyn Monroe was mentioned, Elaine settled comfortably into the role of a photogenically perfect girl in deep thought. "Well," she said finally, "it's perfectly ridiculous for anyone to say that I'm Metro's answer to Marilyn. It wasn't the studio's idea—that isn't the kind of publicity treatment they give their players. I think the whole idea is (*Continued on page* 96)

PHOTOPLAY PICTURE STORY:

Dreams for Sale

WHEN A GIRL HAS A NEW HOME to furnish there's no end to her dreams. Ann Blyth, who loves to cook—especially muffins, pies and brownies—was in seventh heaven choosing gleaming kitchenware. But the almost Mrs. McNulty really soared when she found the big fat chair that was just right for her Dr. Jim, and the furniture that would stand up to a beating from sturdy little feet. For in all her dream shopping, Ann planned for the time she and Jim would have that large family they both want

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

DEBRA

AND HER ANSWER MEN

Craig Hill

Touch Conners

Richard Allan

Bob Arthur

Robert Horton

Dewey Martin

Debra Paget asks some of your favorite males to help answer the questions you send her by mail

Lately Debra Paget's fan mail has been filled with reports of the problems of young people; they feel that some of the younger crowd she knows around Hollywood may have had similar difficulties, so Debra decided to collect a panel of nice Joe's and ask them to try and solve a few of the dilemmas.

Debra's panelists are Bob Arthur, Richard Allan, Touch Conners, Craig Hill, Robert Horton and Dewey Martin.

Set down here is the transcript of their meeting over a cold coke and under a hot spotlight on Stage Seven at Twentieth. Debra hopes their (*Continued on page* 93)

Red Peppers

(*Continued from page 37*)

their fiery manes, or somewhere along the way, dunked their tresses in a vermilion-colored rinse.

A blonde tints, and she moves right into the torrid zone in the boy-meets-girl world. A brunette dyes, and she goes glamorous and amorous and gets the urge to set everything around her on fire.

Certainly Wanda Hendrix has changed since she became a redhead. In the days when she was married to Audie Murphy, she was self-effacing, demure and seldom had a word to say. Now she's pert, talkative, unpredictable and acts as if she were ready to take a chance on anything.

Rita Hayworth did a complete personality switch when she bleached her ebony tresses and then had them dyed red for the picture, "Strawberry Blonde." It seems more than coincidence that it was just at that time that Rita first began to be squired about by the eccentric Orson Welles. Up until then, she had been definitely on the retiring side. She always reached out for a steady hand to guide her in both her career and her love life. Then suddenly, she was making up her own mind—about everything. And she's never looked back—never once behaved in any way to recall the quiet, reticent girl she used to be.

Rhonda Fleming has changed some spots, too. She never learned to flirt outrageously until her hair turned a real red. There were always reddish tints among the brown, but it was when she decided to do away with the brown completely that things really started to buzz.

Susan Hayward is a natural redhead, and her red-headed personality comes natural too. In the old days, before she was under contract to Twentieth, Susie was constantly on suspension. If she wasn't turning down a role, she was arguing with her bosses. Or she was doing them both at the same time. It didn't take Hollywood long to learn the proper respect for both her temper and her temperament.

Her closest friends will tell you that it's impossible ever to know just exactly what's on her mind. She's likely to do anything at any moment, and when her eyes start to flash—watch out! To be around her, the story goes, is like putting a touch of cayenne pepper on a ham sandwich.

The only person who can possibly keep Susan in tow is her husband, Jess Barker. His system? Let her have her own way—or let her think so!

Just the same, Jess takes no chances with Susan's peppery temperament. Recently, when a national magazine asked Jess to byline an article on "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," he declined with a quiet, "Over my red-headed wife's dead body!"

Arlene Dahl used to be a sweet little blonde. Lovely to look at, but not at all exciting. Men gazed at her and thought about their kid sisters and were filled with a great desire to keep her from all harm. Now, with her curls glinting coppery against the California sun, the guys take one look and forget they ever had a mother—let alone a kid sister.

When she was still married to Lex Barker, he made the mistake of calling her a "small-town hick." Arlene's red temper flared. She got herself a divorce—brightened her hair by several shades—and wound up with Fernando Lamas, who seems to have no complaints at all. She's apparently enough of a big-town girl for a big-town boy like him.

Piper Laurie is another red-headed gal who's voltage keeps stepping up bit by bit. When she first began to brighten her hair—on studio orders—she was a cute little

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Are you in the know?

When asked to dinner, should you be—

☐ *Sure of the date* ☐ *"Fashionably" late*

You were positive Mary's mom said *this* Tuesday. ("Dinner . . . a few friends.") Or did she mean *next* Tuesday? Double-checking would have spared confuddlement. Saved barging in, a week ahead, to find the family re-hashing Sunday's roast! Better not be "hazy" about certain *other* "dates", either. Or the kind of sanitary protection to choose. Remember, Kotex prevents revealing outlines. Those special *flat pressed ends* let you glide through any occasion—with a heart as light as helium!

Which can be a threat to poise?

☐ *A callous heart* ☐ *A callused heel*

We're talking about those beat-up loafers she's wearing. The soft shoe routine is fine—'til they get too loose; then, being slip-shod can cause a callus. Shoes should fit snugly. Protects your looks; poise. Of course, at *problem* time, poise and Kotex go together. That *safety center* gives extra protection. And Kotex *holds its shape;* is made to stay soft while you wear it.

If he's just an acquaintance—

☐ *Try siren tactics* ☐ *Pay your own fare*

Your friendship's casual. Comes along a bus—and suddenly your purse develops lockjaw! A chance meeting doesn't mean he must pay your way. Best you pay your own. On "trying" days discover "your own" absorbency of Kotex. You'll see—(by trying *all 3*)—whether Regular, Junior or Super is the one for *you*.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

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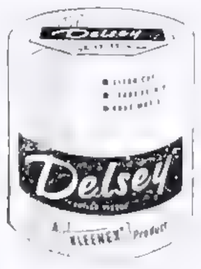

Have you tried new Delsey* toilet tissue—the only one that's fine and firm and soft—like Kleenex* tissues? Each tissue tears off evenly—no shredding, no waste. And Delsey's double-ply for extra strength. Don't you think your family deserves this new, nicer tissue? Ask for Delsey at your favorite store. If Delsey is not on hand, have them order it for you.

kitten. But gradually, as the red's been getting redder and redder, she's been turning into a dangerous tiger cub.

It wasn't so long ago that her dates were almost exclusively with Leonard Goldstein—old enough to be her father, and protective as a man can be. Then came the switch. And Piper—no longer meek little Piper—astounded the town by snatching one of its most appealing newcomers, Carlos Thompson. And snatching him, if you please, right out of the arms of the dynamic brunette, Yvonne DeCarlo.

Maureen O'Hara never really tested the magnetic lure of her natural red hair until she went to Mexico. Those Latins set up such a clamor about her titian tresses that, for the first time, she began to realize the true value of her feminine wares.

Perhaps her marriage to Will Price was heading for the rocks anyway. But her trek south of the border—and her new awareness of herself—wound it up.

Deborah Kerr, another natural redhead, has always allowed her British reserve to conceal her fiery nature. If she had been a native of any other country, she probably would have skyrocketed across the Hollywood scene like a jet plane. Recently, she's been allowing her real self to peek through a little, and the movie industry is beginning—at last—to sit up and take notice. She's been given the chance to play a torrid role in "From Here to Eternity," and a chance for her natural red-headed magnetism to show through! As Deborah views it, "I'm finally being allowed to take off that tiara Hollywood placed on my head. I'm even posing for photos in some very scanty attire. And it's all in the script!"

As far as Jeanne Crain's public is concerned, Jeannie's not the gal she used to be before she dyed her hair. But the evidence, so far, is that the public is letting its imagination run away with itself—in this one case.

Her husband, Paul Brinkman, who, perhaps, knows her better than anyone else in the world, says she's not one whit different from the chestnut-haired girl he married.

"Sure, Jeanne's a redhead now," he says, "but not in disposition! We've been married more years than I dare say, but I've never found out how to get her angry. She had her hair dyed for her role in 'Vicki,' but the change hasn't made her temperamental. I don't know what other red-headed gals are like, but Jeanne wouldn't get excited if I told her I was flying to Mars tomorrow. No matter what color her hair was, she'd still be as calm as a kitten sleeping in the sun."

But Helen Bore (pronounced Boray) of the Westmore Beauty Salon, who has dyed the hair of practically everybody who's anybody in the movie industry, says that Paul Brinkman is deluding himself.

"Jeanne will change," are her words. "I've dyed enough hair around Hollywood to know it always makes a difference. People do change their personalities when they change their hair color. Maybe it's because they think they're expected to."

Or maybe—and this seems even more likely—maybe they dye their hair to make it *match* their personalities.

So it isn't any wonder that synthetic as well as real redheads stimulate the minds and the imaginations of everyone they come in contact with. And this reaction—presto!—turns even a gal who once *seemed* to be almost mousy into a red pepper!

(Rhonda Fleming is in "Those Sisters from Seattle"; Susan Hayward's in "The President's Lady"; Arlene Dahl's next is "Sangaree"; Piper Laurie is in "The Golden Blade".)

If This Isn't Love

(*Continued from page* 34)

Terry and Bob had been away from Hollywood approximately ten days. From Tarpon Springs they would go with the company to romantic Key West, and from there to equally romantic Nassau. "Well, maybe it isn't love just yet," the lady admitted gleefully. "But the way I see it, anything can happen!"

The press agent wrapped the telephone in a bath towel, stuffed cotton into his ears and fell into bed to have a nightmare in which somebody choked to death on a slice of wedding cake.

The midnight oil still burned in Bob Wagner's room. His family was in Hawaii and the report hadn't reached them. But he'd just finished telling his sister in Los Angeles that she needn't believe what she'd seen in the papers. He sat thumbing through a handful of telegrams in a stunned sort of way. The well-wishers who hadn't called Tarpon Springs had called Western Union. "Congratulations!" read the thoughtful messages. "Sure you'll both be very happy!" Finally, he filed the wires on the floor and turned out the light.

The lights in Terry's room went on with the ring of the telephone and off again with the click of the receiver. "After eleven o'clock I'll just have to talk in my sleep," she'd resolved eyeing the phone. Since the afternoon editions, the majority of Terry's conversations had been confined to long distance. She and her mother, who was with her on location, had talked to her father earlier in the evening. He, too, had been reading the papers.

How the matrimonial rumor began is a mystery that could stand solving. It might have started with a happy-go-lucky bit of dialogue by R. J. Wagner. "Let's get married," he has a habit of saying with a straight face. And because his eyes are laughing, nobody falls into his arms with the misguided intention of staying there forever. For instance, take a particular stormy Sunday. At the crack of dawn, Terry and her mother climbed into a car and headed toward Silver Springs to visit friends. Bob joined Gilbert Roland and J. Carrol Naish for an appearance at the tennis club in St. Petersburg. Then the wind and rain brought the crowd back to Tarpon Springs and to Louis Pappas' waterfront cafe for dinner.

Terry and her mother were the first to return. They had a leisurely meal and on their way to the door stopped by the athletes' table to compare notes on their day. Bob took a long look at the vision in the form-fitting strapless dress. "Terry, girl, you're a walking dream," he said. "Let's get married."

Translated it means Bob's no fool. He appreciates a walking dream when he sees one. Everyone at the table laughed heartily, finished comparing notes and the three tennis players ordered steaks. A few minutes later, another feminine member of the location company came over to say hello. "You're a real doll," Bob told her. "Let's get married."

Everyone laughed some more and asked the waitress not to forget the steak sauce. When Bob left the restaurant, he was still single. He wasn't even an engaged bachelor. However, any number of strangers who dine out have excellent hearing and their interpretation of Bob's phrase could have come decked with orange blossoms.

But for all his lively banter, matrimony is a matter which Bob takes seriously. As a matter of fact, a short time before the Moore-Wagner story broke he was thinking out loud for a magazine writer. "I'm not ready to get married," he said.

When asked for explanations, he elaborated. "First of all, there are financial reasons. Say a guy and a girl fall in love. He doesn't have a quarter. They get married and struggle along. If they're in love, maybe it's great. But I don't think I'm the sort who would settle for that. I want a nice house . . . a couple of cars . . . money in the bank to send the kids to school. . . . And I don't have that kind of money yet."

Asked for more explanations, he readily gave them. "I'm selfish," he grinned. "But selfishness is no good when it comes to marriage. Marriage is a job and you have to work to keep it going. It's a fifty-fifty proposition. It's give and take. And right now I'm not willing to give that much.

"My career's a full-time job. And I'm not just thinking about the present. I'm thinking about five years from now. I've been lucky so far. But I can't be the most popular newcomer next year. I've got to go on to another spot, because somebody's going to grab this one. I want to move into the big boxoffice ten or twenty. After that, the trick's staying there. You have to have good pictures to sustain success and give good performances to get the pictures.

"It's tough for a girl to marry into this business," he finished. "Takes a lot of understanding."

This was something he learned at the beginning of his career. Before his movie break came along, he was dating a girl named Sue. They'd gone together for several years. Then Bob went into pictures and into a new kind of world. He wanted to be a success and one of the initial requirements, he found, was the ability to report to the set clear-eyed and wide awake. Sue wanted to be with her own crowd. Bob kept drifting away and finding it hard to come back to the group.

He'd try to explain why he was leaving a party that showed great promise of going on indefinitely. He couldn't afford to walk through a scene with his eyes closed the following morning. When the scene played the theatres, there'd be no message flashed on the screen asking the audience to bear with R. J. Wagner because he'd been out late the night before—being a regular guy. "You can regular guy yourself right out of the business," was R. J.'s attitude.

This is still R. J.'s attitude. And it's well understood by the girls he's dated since he signed with Twentieth. The list—a lengthy one—includes such lovelies as Babs Darrow, Melinda Markey, Susan Zanuck, and Debbie Reynolds. And now, Terry Moore.

When Bob and Terry learned that they were assigned to "Twelve Mile Reef," they decided to get acquainted, and teamed up for the Academy Award festivities. Terry was a loser in the Oscar sweepstakes, but in Bob's book she was one of the best sports ever nominated.

"You've lots of time ahead," he told her.

"And work," she said. "Hard work."

"You're a girl after my own heart," he said. "Let's get married." So they went to a party.

"About time those two got together," said their pals.

These were the friends who sent a few hundred words worth of congratulations to Tarpon Springs. "I don't see anything so improbable about their getting married," said one chum. "R. J. and Terry have a lot in common. They're both in the picture business. They love it. And they're serious about their work.

"Awright, so they can't spend twenty-four hours a day on a set. Bob's the kind of fellow who likes to drop by a girl's house on the spur of the moment and say 'Come on, let's drive out to the beach.'

"Terry's the kind of girl who'll grab a bathing suit and say, 'Okay, let's go.'

"The kid's a great one for sports . . . goes in for tennis, golf, skiing, hunting—to mention a few. Terry plays a fine game of golf. She's competition for anybody on a tennis court. And when she puts on skis she doesn't just stand there. The girl can even fly a plane!

"Terry steers clear of the bright-light circuit, for the most part. She likes good music and conversation. Bob hardly goes near a night club anymore, unless the floor show's something special.

"They've had the same kind of normal life. Happy family backgrounds. Neither's been near a studio school. They spent their teens being pretty typical teenagers. Naturally, some of their best friends are picture people. But they're not at a loss with folks outside the industry.

"They're both twenty-three. They're both eligible. And as for me," the friend concluded, "I was one of the first to wire every best wish I could think of."

While Hollywood accepted the denials of matrimony which were being issued from Florida, Hollywood waited to see what would happen. A location site is often pictured as the next best thing to a desert island. However, the small town of Tarpon Springs is crowded with friendly citizens who handed the movie company the keys to their city. With the other members of the cast, Terry and Bob appeared at the local theatre to help the cancer drive. They went to club meetings, sorority teas, local parties.

One night they drove into Ybor City to have dinner at the famed Columbia restaurant. They met a young married couple named Betty and Glenn Rogers, who joined them for after-dinner coffee. Betty and Glenn wanted to know all about Hollywood. But before the evening ended, Terry and Bob were asking the questions. They wanted to know about Betty and Glenn.

As they were ready to leave, Bob glanced at the doorway. Apparently an entire Junior Prom had dropped in for a late snack. However, no one was eating. They were standing en masse at the door. Bob and Terry said hello and everyone grabbed menus. And suddenly there was an autograph session.

Afterwards they proceeded to Tampa where they were scheduled to make an appearance at a dance held in the Armory. The emcee introduced Terry and Terry introduced Bob. "I'd like you to meet one of Hollywood's finest young actors," she said. "And he also sings and dances."

"Thanks, friend," said Bob, who (except for his scenes in "Titanic") usually confines his singing to the shower and his dancing to well-packed dance floors.

Bob then talked about the location in Tarpon Springs. "You'll have to come over and see us," he said. "Be my guests."

Once back in the car, he glanced at Terry and sighed. "Alone at last."

"Hmmm," said Terry. "But we won't be alone on Monday. R. J., do you realize you invited five thousand people?"

"You can sing and dance for them," he said happily.

Bob and Terry were seen dancing together the following week . . . at a Tarpon Springs high-school dance. Whirling their way on the crowded floor, they looked as if they thought they were alone.

Then, like the lady reporter said, there was Key West, Nassau and the moon. And after that, back to California. And no one's been heard to sneeze at the California moon. Not even an ardent Florida fan.

THE END

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Is a Wedding Ring a Luxury?

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Your wedding ring—a tube of lipstick—a bottle of cologne—the movie you see on Saturday night—the long-distance phone call you make to your mother—the wallet you take your pay home in—even President Eisenhower's briefcase—all these, Washington treats as luxuries.

These things, and a long list of others—cosmetics, jewelry, leather goods, entertainment—that are part of your every-day life are burdened with a heavy excise tax that takes up to twenty per cent—in some cases even more—*over* the price you *really* pay for the object itself out of your pocket.

That extra percentage would pay the fare on the bus that gets you to the (taxed) movie, or buy you an ice cream soda afterward. It would leave you enough after you've bought a bottle of (taxed) cologne to pay for three pounds of potatoes—enough after you've bought a (taxed) new purse to buy you a pair of gloves to match it.

Or, if you chose to put what you would save into the bank, you could build yourself a holiday-size nest egg, or have enough at the end of a year for a solid down payment on an electric dishwasher.

Last year, on an average, every man, woman and child in the United States spent $58.49 in federal excise taxes. And if you bought more than the average, you paid out much more!

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The Editors of Photoplay

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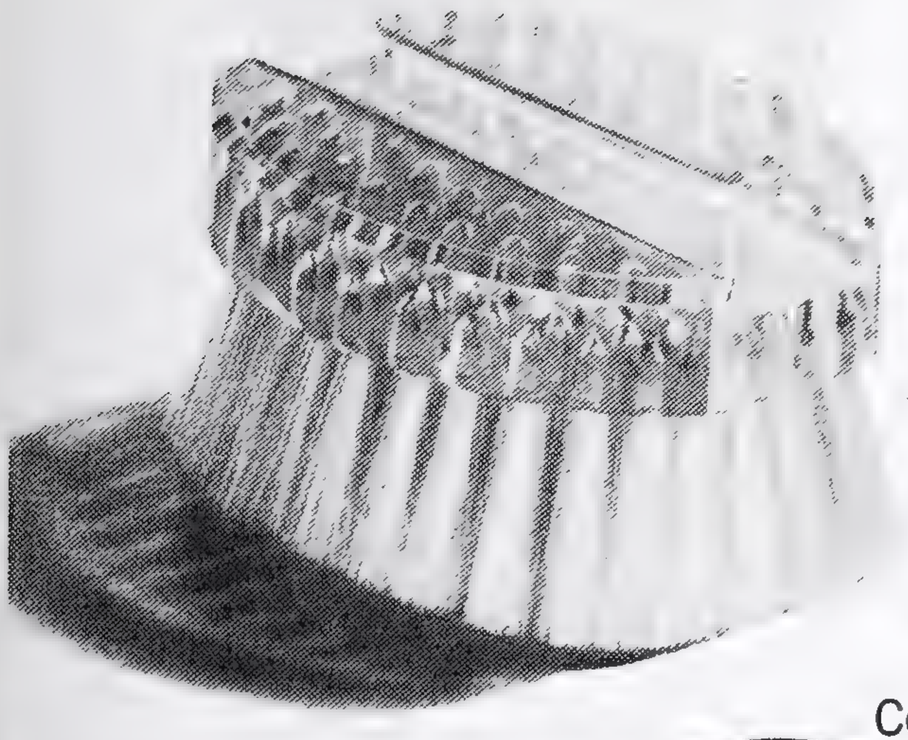

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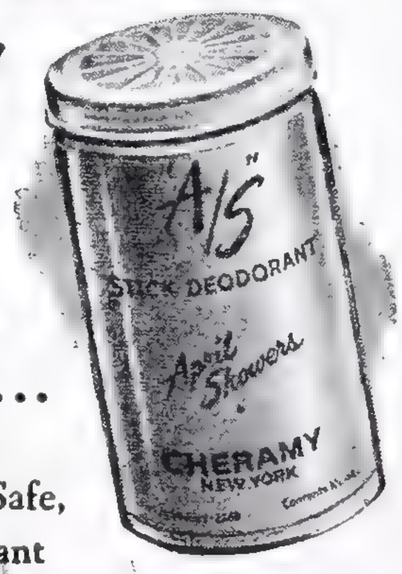

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by CHERAMY
PERFUMER

Lonely Lochinvar

(*Continued from page* 46)

When he does get into a restless mood, he prowls from room to room, reciting a passage from "Richard III"—imagining himself playing it as well as, or better, than John Barrymore did. Or he cooks up his favorite dish, spaghetti and meat balls, which he can make on an overheated flat-iron in an emergency—a talent left over from precarious stage days. Now and then he sings in a rather rich baritone voice.

For all his ability to get along well by himself, however, he is no hermit. He loves a tough poker game—with men only—and plays, as he does everything else, to win.

Six feet tall in his socks, built like a wedge with wide shoulders, slim waist and the easy carriage of a boxer, he looks considerably younger than his thirty-six years. He dresses negligently but with considerable taste when he's away from Yoakum Drive, but at home he prefers to be comfortable in jeans or slacks and open-necked shirts.

Cochran's casual manner toward himself and life is, no doubt, a hangover from the days when he tried almost everything to ensnare an elusive dollar. He was, from time to time, a ranch hand, a fireman, a shipyard worker, railroad laborer and just plain hobo.

"I learned in jungle camps and working on a section crew that no one is very important," he says. "You meet some rare philosophers around a camp fire on a railroad right-of-way. If you thought you were good there was always some grizzled veteran to take the conceit out of you. But I found gentleness and consideration among those tough-whiskered vagrants more often than I have since I pulled myself a few rungs higher up the ladder we call success. And most of all, I learned never to take myself, or life, too seriously."

If you ask him why he decided to become an actor, Steve grins. "We were living," his story goes, "in Eureka, California, the town where I was born. My father was a lumberman, an easy-going man with an itching foot. He suddenly decided, one day, that he would like to take a look at Denver, Colorado. So he loaded the family—mother, my sister Vina and me—into an old Model T Ford and we started out on a roundabout journey. On the Wyoming prairies we got caught in a blizzard—and ended up in Laramie. Dad liked the place, got a job on the U. P. Railroad and Vina and I started school.

"It was during high school in Laramie that I got bitten by the acting bug. I'd broken training rules on the basketball team and they threw me out. I simply had to do something, so I went in for dramatics. I guess I fell in love with the sound of my own voice. Anyway, I never did get over it."

During summer vacations Steve worked as a general hand on a ranch. He got fifteen dollars a month with room, board and rolling tobacco thrown in. "I wanted to save thirty dollars," he recalls, "the price of a pair of hand-tooled, high-heeled boots, but by the time I'd amassed this fortune I didn't need 'em. My legs were as tough as any leather."

He finally decided, though, that staying on top of spooky broncs and playing nursemaid to a bunch of steers didn't pay off very well, either in money or future prospects. And it did seem that a little more education wouldn't do any harm. That fall he matriculated at the University of Wyoming, handicapped by a still-mending broken arm (the result of misjudging a pony that sunfished when it should have crowhopped) and a colossal lack of all kinds of useful information. At the end of the year, with spring turning the sagebrush around Laramie to soft grays and greens, restlessness seized him. He pooled his resources with another stage-struck boy, a dancer, and they headed for Detroit, Michigan, where Steve had heard there was a little theatre that welcomed new talent.

But the little theatre manager was cool to their offers to put the enterprise on its feet. He said something vague about experience and turned away. They wangled several other interviews, but they all ended the same way. The boys had sworn they were going to "act or starve" and it looked as though the choice was about to be made for them. They had a solemn council on ways and means, and after concluding that they were the only sane people in Detroit, they decided to separate and divide their capital. Steve's share was seventy-five cents and with that in his pocket, he hopped a slow freight train for Flint; there, he had heard, fortunes were being made in the sale of patent medicines.

"But that dream blew up," Steve said. "I couldn't stand talking about people's ailments and their insides. So I got a job selling vacuum cleaners."

With his engaging boyish smile, he found it easy to persuade housewives to listen to his sales talk. The trouble was that he couldn't keep his prospect's attention on vacuum cleaners. Motherly women plied him with questions and often wound up asking him to stay for dinner. These invitations compensated, a little, at least, for his appalling lack of orders. Sometimes, after a meal was over, the woman's husband would have Steve go over his sales talk again, criticizing and offering suggestions. "But they never, never bought any cleaners," Steve said.

A woman's honesty about her personal affairs is like a negligee—more intriguing if it is not overly revealing.

ERROL FLYNN

Once a middle-aged man opened the door and listened attentively. The young salesman's spirits rose. Here, at last, he told himself, was an order. At last, when he was out of breath, the man began asking searching technical questions about the construction of Steve's cleaner, questions that couldn't be bluffed or evaded. When Steve could no longer dream up answers, he began making unfavorable comparisons between other machines and the one he was selling. His prospect then led him down into the basement and showed him a whole roomful of cleaners. He turned out to be a professional repair man! "Don't ever knock the other fellow's product, son," he said, "and learn all there is to know about your own."

"Of course I didn't make a sale," Steve says now, "but that nice fatherly fellow taught me a lesson I'll never forget. His advice holds good in pictures as well as in vacuum cleaner sales."

His vacuum cleaner career ended when the sales organization decided it had been advancing Steve expense money long enough without any orders in return.

So he decided all over again that he was simply a natural-born actor and it would be a shame to deprive the stage of his gifts any longer. Once more he laid siege to casting offices. The directors, unfortunately, continued to stare at him as if he had just

crawled out of a stack of alfalfa. He was on the verge of slinking back to Laramie with his belt tightened to the last hole when, suddenly, he was given a chance in a Federal Theatre Project in Detroit, where "The Road to Rome" and "It Can't Happen Here" were playing. He started to eat again, and he hung on until the shows closed.

In 1937, he made his first attack on Hollywood. There, as usual, all the talent scouts ignored him with enthusiasm. Convinced, at last, that he was a hay shaker at heart, he was about to start for the freight yards in search of a hospitable box car, when Eddie Elsner offered him the lead in a little theatre play, "There's Always Juliet."

When that hopeful venture died, Steve returned to Laramie. He decided that he was going to be a little theatre producer himself. He gathered a bunch of show-struck kids about him and put on "East Lynn" and "Ten Nights in a Barroom." They sold beer and soon auto-loads of customers came pouring into the converted barn which they used as a theatre, shouting and hissing at the villain and cheering the heroine. One customer, an elderly lady, called Steve on the telephone. "I can't afford all ten nights in the barroom," she said. "Which one would you recommend?"

In 1938 Cochran was back in Hollywood, battering at studio gates. But he needed more than a charming smile and a pleasant manner to get through those portals. At last, in desperation, he turned to directing children's plays. One of his students, older than the others, attracted his attention. She was Florence Lockwood, the daughter of a portrait painter. "You know how kids are," Steve muses. "We were both dedicated to the thee-tuh and, of course, 'kindred souls.' I suppose we fell in love. Anyway, we got married.

"She's in Carmel now, with our ten-year-old daughter, Sandra. Our marriage didn't last very long. How could it? Young dreams fade out and harsh reality intrudes. Marriage isn't kid business."

As to future marriage plans, Steve says, "No I don't think I shall ever marry again. I've got what the psycho-couch boys call a mental block. Oh, it's not an absolute decision. If the time ever comes when I feel that the whole thing must be untangled, I'll do it. Of course, I'm not satisfied with my life. Let's just say that I'm content with my present marital status.

"Most people think that 'now' is 'forever,'" he philosophizes. "It isn't. Life moves on, conditions alter, the thoughts that once were long, long thoughts in the heads of youngsters change. Ideals and beliefs shift and wear a different face and there isn't any way of stopping the change. I'm always impatient with writers who glorify youth. Kids don't have a very happy time. They've vulnerable and everything that hits them hurts."

Soon after his marriage, Steve went to Carmel and started a barter theatre, but it seemed doomed to failure from the beginning. When the enterprise collapsed, he joined forces with Denny and Hazel Watrous who were then staging a Shakespearean festival in the open-air Forest Theatre in Carmel. Steve was cast in "Twelfth Night" and "Macbeth."

After that he shuttled between San Francisco and Hollywood, vainly attempting to associate himself with some producing company with a financial future. But nothing materialized. Finally, he went East for a season in stock with the Greenwood Theatre at Peak's Island, Maine. When this folded, he took a job firing a steam engine in a sand pit near Del Monte. Then, with callouses on his hands as thick as the sole of a boot, he returned to Hollywood for one last try. Again, he was universally ignored.

At this point and for the umpteenth time he almost determined to leave the theatre as flat as it had left him. But he took one last cool look at what he had to offer first. And he was convinced—all opinions to the contrary—that what he had to offer was worth having. He decided to give acting one more chance. With the munificent sum of six dollars in his pocket, he rode the rods to New York. There the unbelievable happened! He landed a lead in "Without Love," which was to go on the road after closing on Broadway, with Katharine Hepburn and Elliott Nugent. Soon producers appeared bearing contracts. Samuel Goldwyn took an option on his services.

Playing the lead in the play, he finally arrived in Los Angeles where Goldwyn exercised his option. He was in the movies, at last. He appeared in "Wonder Man" and was Danny Kaye's ring opponent in "The Kid from Brooklyn." Next, he was featured in Goldwyn's "The Best Years of Our Lives," and went on to play the leads in such pictures as "White Heat," "The Damned Don't Cry," "Storm Warning" and many others. He himself is as pleased with "She's Back on Broadway," and with "The Desert Song," both of which he made under contract to Warner, as with anything he's ever done.

And he's just finished a loan-out assignment for Universal-International, which is a radical departure from his previous roles. It is called "Back to God's Country" and Steve is enthusiastic about it.

You wonder, as he talks about it, if Steve Cochran has ever found his own "country." One would guess that he hasn't. Men like Steve rarely express the strong, tough emotions knocking about in their own hearts. And yet, to such men, the future always beckons. For Steve, tomorrow is another day. THE END

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Look What's Happening to Farley!

(*Continued from page* 51)

He has given up his lone-wolf existence, is dating steadily and shows every indication that he's having a wonderful time.

He has buried the hatchet with Sam Goldwyn.

He is again cooperative with the press, to the extreme of giving eleven interviews within a three-week period.

Why has Farley burned those bridges? There are several reasons. Take this business of dating and girls.

When Farley and Shelley Winters went together, they had a great deal in common, understood one another and were comfortable in each other's company.

Once Shelley was asked if she wasn't dating Farley for publicity reasons. And she replied, "If I dated for publicity, I'd go out with Lassie."

When Shelley married Vittorio Gassman, Farley was the first to wish her happiness, and to assure their ever-continuing friendship. Her exit from his social life, however, left a definite gap. Dozens of Hollywood beauties would have been quite ready and willing to fill this gap. But Farley wanted no part of them.

It's common knowledge that budding starlets are prone to latch onto a name star. They are conscious of the resultant publicity and their interest in him as a person is superficial at best.

Even if Farley didn't resent being a foil to a date, there would be little about such a girl to attract him. For Farley has his own definite ideas as to what constitutes an alluring woman.

First of all, she's not the flashy type who poses for pinups on a bear-skin with two much make-up on her face and too little of everything elsewhere.

"What's exciting about this type of girl?" Farley asks. "As for myself, I'd be embarrassed. If I weren't embarrassed, I'd be bored. I've never seen it fail, when girls haven't much on below the neck, they have very little going on above it."

Farley talks from experience!

One night he was invited to a big party at a friend's house. In the midst of changing records his eyes fell upon a gorgeous-looking girl seated across the room.

She was poured into a low-cut, tight-fitting dress. Farley called over the host for an introduction.

All those "some enchanted evening" stories are bound by unwritten law to have a happy ending.

"But," says Farley, "I should have stayed across that crowded room.

"From a distance the girl had an air of excitement about her. After five minutes with her, I began wondering whatever caught my interest. It was as if someone had once told her she was charged with sex appeal and she felt duty-bound to prove it. Therefore, her every calculated gesture defeated itself. A smart girl should do what comes naturally.

"That's why," Farley is quick to point out, "intelligence and sex appeal go together. Wise girls know you can't turn sex on or off like a water tap or buy it for the price of a strapless gown. There's more to sex appeal than meets the eye. It doesn't vanish with the first grey hair or wrinkle.

"Take Garbo," Farley says. "In my opinion she was the queen of sex appeal. Yet in her private life, her slacks, bulky coats and floppy hats were a trade mark. I can't recall her ever posing for publicity pictures in a bathing suit. She didn't have to. Her air of mystery radiated sex."

A great many people were puzzled over Farley's attraction to Shelley during the two years they dated. But to Farley, Shelley had a tremendous amount of appeal. It was stimulated by her zest for life, vitality and great spirit of fun. These ingredients, Farley feels, are the essence of sex appeal. It's an attitude that comes from within, he states.

Dawn Addams, the girl responsible for Farley's return to the spotlight, has this.

Raised in the English countryside and educated in London, Dawn, at twenty-two has enough of the traditional British reserve to give her a quality of mystery; she has intelligence far above her years and an appreciation of literature, the arts and theatre which equals Farley's.

Although Dawn and Farley began dating this past winter, they first met three years ago at Shelley's house. At that time they exchanged only a few idle words.

When Farley and Shelley were vacationing in Europe, Dawn was in London making "The Hour of Thirteen." By this time, Dawn and Shell were real buddies. So along with a British actor Dawn was dating, they made a merry foursome, Dawn and her beau showing the sights, Farley and Shell absorbing every bit of them.

From London, Farley hopped over to Paris for a few days and Shelley went on to Rome, where as everyone knows she met and fell in love with Vittorio.

After they were all back in Hollywood, Shelley determined to play matchmaker.

"Why don't you take Dawn out?" she'd insist time and again to Farley.

"Uh huh, good idea," Farley would mumble. Absorbed, however, with career problems and other matters, he never did anything about it.

But Shelley is not a girl to be sidetracked when she has her mind set.

A few days before little Vittoria was born, Dawn had a baby shower in Shelley's honor. Vittorio was in Rome, and Shelley, in no condition to drive alone late at night, asked Farley to pick her up after the party and take her home.

When Farley arrived at Dawn's house the other guests had gone. The three started talking and a couple of hours sped by.

"Can we continue this sometime?" Farley asked Dawn.

"Love to," Dawn replied.

Shelley just beamed.

And a bridge came tumbling down.

Farley's dates with Dawn haven't been confined to premieres and parties. Often they go to quiet little places for dinner. Sometimes they visit Shelley or see a movie. Other times their get-togethers can hardly be classified as dates at all.

Dawn might be spending an evening at home when the doorbell rings. It's Farley.

"Care to have a cup of coffee?" he'll ask.

"Have some on the stove. Come on in."

Dawn's apartment is so charming and bohemian one would think it was on the left bank in Paris rather than in Southern California. This is the atmosphere in which Farley feels most comfortable. They'll have their coffee and talk till the cows come home. There's no stopping Farley when he gets on to a subject—whether it concerns the state of the world or a new book.

Always, Farley is gracious and stimulating. He's quick to debate a point right down the line. He has an agile mind and ready wit and knows how to make the most of both when telling a story.

No one appreciates this more than Dawn —either in a private conversation at her home or during a group discussion at a party. One night at Cy Howard's they talked till 6:00 A.M.

Farley doesn't have to worry about the possibility of Dawn using their relationship for publicity purposes either.

During the three years Dawn has been in Hollywood she has made no effort to get onto the publicity bandwagon. When she

was at Metro she was chastised for her refusal to pose for cheese-cake or go along with a trumped-up "romance." Throughout the filming of her most recent film, "The Moon Is Blue," the publicity department of U.A. found Dawn a most cooperative actress and a not-so-cooperative headline hunter.

A few weeks ago she finally consented to pose for a magazine picture-story about a day in the life of a young actress. At five she asked the photographer to excuse her so she could dress for a date. She *didn't* mention her date was Farley Granger.

"You have a date? Wonderful!" exclaimed the photographer. "That's just what I need to complete the layout."

"I'm sorry," said Dawn, "but I won't ask my date to pose."

The photographer was insistent.

Reluctantly Dawn called Farley. "I'd love to do it," Farley volunteered. Aware of Dawn's apologetic attitude, he added, "Now stop worrying your little head about it."

The photographer got an unexpected bonanza. But Dawn didn't stop worrying her little head about it and still considers it the most embarrassing experience she's had since dating Farley.

Dawn and Farley are quick to assure everyone that theirs is not a romance. Both readily admit, however, that they enjoy each other's company tremendously. This dashing intellectual young man and vibrant serious-minded girl complement each other beautifully.

Another bridge Farley is putting to the torch stretches between his former nomadic existence and his future as a man of property.

It's an established fact that Farley has moved from apartment to apartment with lightning speed.

"No sooner," his friends say, "do you think Farley is happily settled in West Hollywood, than you learn he's living in a secluded beach house in Malibu. So you drive out to Malibu and discover he's situated somewhere in the Hollywood Hills."

Farley has always admitted that he changes his address more often than the average guy, but he has insisted that these moves were for practical reasons rather than because of any discontent or restlessness on his part.

"Why should I continue to pay high rent on an apartment I'm not occupying when I go out of town?" he'd argue. "It's easier and less expensive to store my things and find a new place when I return."

Lately these arguments have failed to ring true, even to himself. In spite of his never-diminishing desire to travel, Farley has now realized that a fellow has to have roots. He needs a place to hang his hat. Someplace that would be so nice to come home to, whether it's after a day at the studio or a year around the world. Such a place, to Farley, would have to be his very own—from roof to foundation.

He originally planned to build a house. But after becoming involved with blueprints, building costs, construction problems and city ordinances he decided he'd be better off if he bought one already built.

So whenever possible, Farley hops into his car and investigates every "For Sale" sign from Sunset Strip to Pacific Palisades.

This is pretty rough going on his automobile, to say nothing of its driver, but when he sees his dream house, he'll know it. The house may be modern, rustic or old English. It could be located in Westwood, Bel Air or Brentwood. But it exists somewhere, and somehow Farley is sure to find it. When he does, he'll know he is home.

Career-wise, Farley once again *is* home. The most difficult bridge of all to burn is now a heap of smoldering ashes. Behind him lies his feud with the Goldwyn Studios. This feud began four years ago when Farley told Sam Goldwyn he was tired of the moody-youth roles he was playing. When he took a suspension and went off to Europe, bad feelings flared up all around. He went back on salary when he returned but the peace was not permanent.

Goldwyn was furious with Farley when he refused to work at Universal-International in "The Golden Blade." For three months Farley remained on suspension, forfeiting a salary of several thousand dollars a week. But it is indicative of the change in Farley to note that *this* time he didn't go running off to Europe. He remained in Hollywood and worked out the difficulties sensibly.

Now Farley is to be given more opportunities to display his versatile talents as an actor. He in turn agreed to make appearances with "Hans Christian Andersen." And since Mr. Goldwyn has nothing on his immediate schedule suitable for Farley, a loanout to M-G-M is brewing.

Farley is particularly happy about his two recent M-G-M pictures, "Small Town Girl" and "The Story of Three Loves." He thinks they have charming stories and offer great entertainment values.

Farley enjoys doing comedy; he doesn't however, want to be typed. He will be completely content when he gets the opportunity to *play the field* in acting.

"Of course," he grins, "before I plan on anything I better find out how Granger comes over in 3-D."

There's one more bridge left for Farley to burn. It lies between his bachelor days and a future with someone he loves. Farley will burn that bridge when he comes to it. For just around the corner, there may be someone waiting to help him strike the match.

THE END

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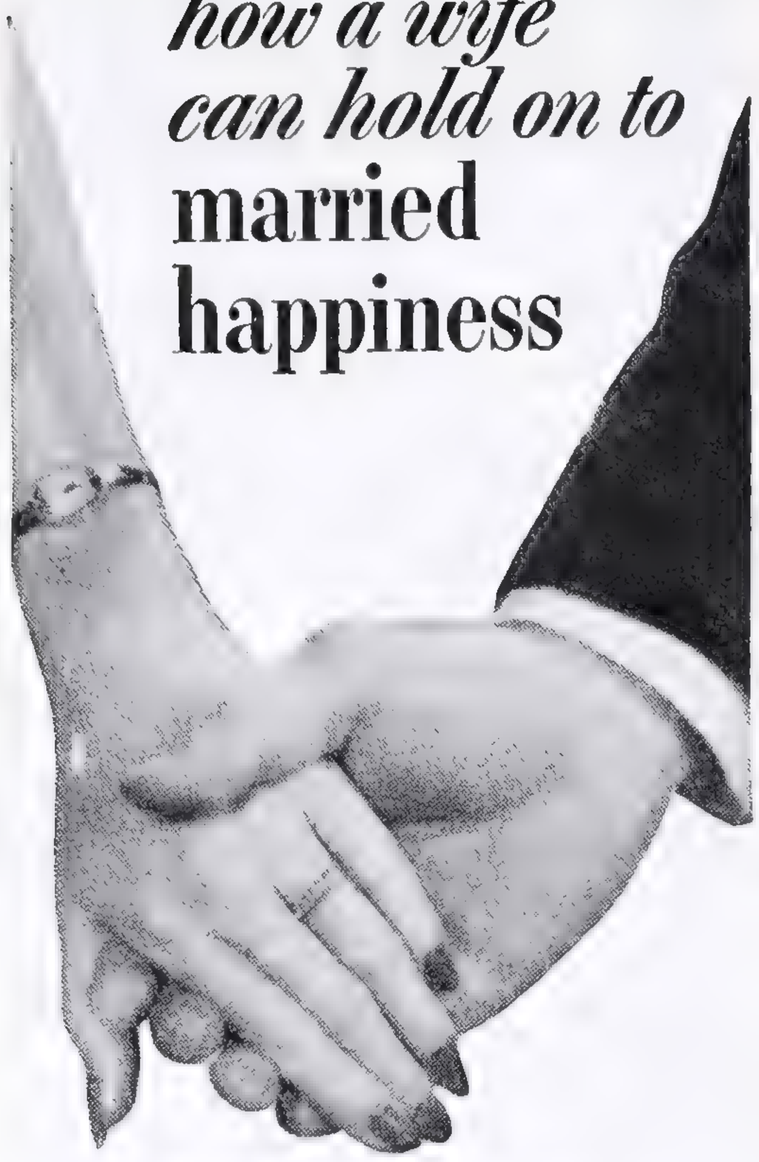

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Marriage at the Crossroads

(*Continued from page* 31)

jealousy may not be entirely unfounded.

The facts in the case are these: Jane went to work at Warners on loanout from M-G-M only a few short weeks after the birth of her second baby, Suzanne Ilene. In her new picture, "Three Sailors and a Girl," she was working for the first time with Gene Nelson. Shortly after the completion of the movie, Jane and her husband Geary shocked Hollywood with the admission that everything was not well with their marriage, but they were trying to work out their problems. The next week Jane and Geary appeared together in Hollywood, and when Geary embarked on a new business venture—selling small English cars, in addition to his regular insurance business—Jane was one of his first customers. But only ten days later, as Jane was leaving Hollywood for night-club engagements in Toronto and Las Vegas, she admitted that on her return in six weeks she would most likely file for divorce from Geary.

There are, however, other facts bearing on the case which are vitally important to it. In the meantime, Gene Nelson and his wife Miriam had separated and Miriam had gone to New York. Gene was booked for night-club engagements in Toronto and Las Vegas—and it seemed more than coincidence that Gene would be in each city at the same time Jane was there.

When Jane and Gene started work together, insiders say, it was one of those things that wasn't planned or expected; the singer and the dancer simply discovered that they liked each other very much.

Trouble had been brewing in the Gene Nelson household for some time. Although they made public appearances together they were having obvious disagreements on which they refused to make any statement. After Gene's wife, Miriam, went to New York—still issuing no statement other than that she was visiting her sick father there—Gene was often seen in a threesome with Jane and her husband Geary.

It was, perhaps, only a coincidence that thereafter when Jane and Geary were seen arguing in public, Gene was usually in the background. At that time, however, Jane and Geary denied that they were having any serious trouble; particularly that Gene might be connected with it. "We even invited Gene out after his wife left him," Geary said. "He wasn't too happy." And Hollywood insiders, wanting to believe that everything was all right with Jane and Geary, asked no further questions.

But there were those rumors that Jane and Gene were spending an astonishing amount of time rehearsing a couple of very torrid dance routines for their picture.

Miriam Nelson, making no statement as to the cause of the trouble in her own household, declared that any chance for a reconciliation seemed remote. She retained a lawyer, saying that she had not yet decided whether to ask for a divorce or for a legal separation. And when Gene tried to call her in New York she was unavailable.

Jane and Geary were vacationing at the Racquet Club in Palm Springs one weekend when the first hint of open trouble came. When Jane returned to Hollywood, she told columnists that she and her husband had argued but that maybe they could "iron everything out"—which is one way of saying in Hollywood that they might come to a real reconciliation, before it was too late. Two evenings later they appeared together at a cocktail party, before most people even realized they had separated. Even those who knew of the rift were loathe to admit that another "perfect marriage" had hit the rocks. The marriage of Jane and Geary, with their years together, and their two lovely children, really stood for something solid in the eyes of most of Hollywood.

Thus it was that Jane's statement that she expected to file for divorce came as a shocking disappointment to movietown. But the disagreements between Jane and Geary outweighed everything else, and as Jane left for her own night-club engagements which would keep her away from movietown for six weeks, she said that on her return she would probably file for divorce from her young husband. Even before she issued her statement insiders were speculating that she might file for divorce in Las Vegas. This Jane denied. She admitted, too, that there was a remote possibility of making up with Geary; if her feelings had changed by the time she came back, Jane said, she and Geary would attempt to patch up their marriage.

Geary has issued no recent statement, but there is no doubt that he has tried desperately to save his marriage, that he would like to give it another try. At first he had planned to accompany Jane on her trip to Toronto and Las Vegas, but these plans changed with Jane's announcement that she might file for divorce.

How the marital breakups will affect the careers of both Jane and Gene is still a question. Gene is now free from his Warner Brothers contract and has had night-club offers and offers from other movie studios in Hollywood.

As for Jane, the problem is somewhat different. Although she has been married four years and is the mother of two children, she has faced difficulty in finding mature roles on the screen. Moviegoers, like Hollywood, have always pointed with pride to her marriage as one of the most solid in Hollywood. She has often been cited as an outstanding example of a happy young marriage—and most of Hollywood still hopes that somehow she and Geary will again find their way together, for the sake of the children as well as for their own happiness. THE END

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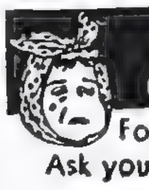

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INSIDE STUFF

(*Continued from page* 33)

a jitterbug contest dancing with her "son" . . . It used to be Terry Moore and Nicky Hilton. Now it's Terry and Bob Wagner; Nicky Hilton and Nora Haymes.

Thoughts in Passing: History has a way of repeating itself in filmtown. Twenty-six years ago an unknown, Lucille Le Sueur, walked through the M-G-M studio gates for the first time. This month, as Joan Crawford, she returns to the same studio, scene of her first triumphs, to star in "Torch Song" . . . The perplexing behavior of Gloria Grahame who evidently has been hurt by life and can't quite overcome her defensive attitude. Since winning an Academy Award, however, she does deserve an E for effort in trying to be cooperative . . . The aura of loneliness surrounding Anne Baxter since parting from John Hodiak. Anne left Hollywood to spend some months in Europe, where she will star in "Carnival." Her co-star will be lonely Steve Cochran.

Family Style: While Jimmy Stewart devotes every spare second to boosting the cancer drive fund, his Gloria teaches a Beverly Hills Sunday school class . . . Esther Williams and Ben Gage hope their third baby will be a girl, because, they kiddingly crack, "We could use another waitress in our Trails Restaurant!" . . . John Derek and his Pati expect their second child this fall . . . And Virginia Mayo and Mike O'Shea are starry-eyed over the impending arrival of their first . . . Good friends, the Ray Millands and the Randy Scotts, never go near night clubs. They prefer to invest a set sum each month in United States Savings Bonds for their children . . . The William Holdens opened the summer season with a general invitation to the neighborhood kiddies to use their swimming pool. They made only one stipulation: the mothers must take turns at—pool sitting!

Literary Lights: Hollywood has been bitten by the writing bug with some of its products already on the national best-seller lists. Dale Evans Rogers' book about hers and Roy's daughter, "Angel Unaware," is the poignant story of their love for a daughter doomed to die. Alyce Canfield, and Mervyn LeRoy one of our town's best directors, teamed up to write an aptly titled top seller, "It Takes More Than Talent." Lionel Barrymore is on the bookstalls with a novel, "Mr. Cantonwine: A Moral Tale," and sister Ethel is finishing her memoirs for publication.

Short Change: Since she became engaged to Dr. James McNulty, Ann Blyth is a new woman. Too serious and sometimes too humorless, she now laughs, talks and even tells jokes at parties . . . Once upon a time Van Johnson didn't want his wife to work. When Ann Sothern needed Evie for a role in her television series, not only did Van give his consent, he went one better and bribed a bunch of kids to wait outside the studio and ask Mrs. J for her autograph! . . . Joan Evans looks so natural these days, some people don't recognize her. For the first time since she was fourteen and starting in pictures, her hair is back to beautiful black again.

Ooops: Cal caught up with lovely Anne Francis recently and congratulated her on her first wedding anniversary. We took to talking about winning awards. Had Annie ever come close to winning one? "Very close," she laughed. "At the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Award dinner, I stood in back of Joan Crawford. Just as I stooped to pick up my glove, Miss Crawford swung around with her framed certificate and let me have it. *That's* how close I came!" . . . Joan Rice, who is Burt Lancaster's leading lady in "His Majesty O'Keefe," lost her vaccination certificate. To enter the U. S. from their Fiji Islands location, she had to show immigration officials her vaccination scar—on her hip!

Famous First Words: Apropos of the time Zsa Zsa Gabor refused to broadcast with George Sanders and kid their marriage, she says: "I wasn't an actress *then,* so I didn't understand what was expected of me!" . . . Says June Allyson who practically patrolled the aisles the night Hollywood saw "Split Second" at the Academy Award Theatre: "Dick (Powell) still wasn't well enough to attend the preview. It's his first directorial job, he was anxious, I substituted for him. Now I know how he felt waiting for me outside the delivery room in the hospital!"

Predictions: That Bette Davis and Gary Merrill will become the most successful husband and wife team in pictures, when they find that "right" script they want to produce together . . . That John Forsythe will zoom to stardom. M-G-M and U-I now share this stage actor's contract, and Darryl Zanuck tried twice to borrow him . . . That the tremendous trouping of Alexis Smith in "Split Second" (it's the talk of Hollywood) will at long last give her the recognition that's been due her . . . That Gene Autry, despite those reports, will not forsake movies. He'll be around in a 3-D picture in the near future. . . . That no matter what the gossips try to cook up, Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis will hold on to their marriage. Their trip East with the Jerry Lewises is one more proof—for those who need proof handed to them.

MIKE AND HIS MOTHER

PHOTOPLAY's youngest cover boy, Mike Wilding Jr., doesn't know he's a sixty-thousand-dollar baby! That's what M-G-M figures it cost Liz in time off from films. But to Mom and Pop, he's a million-dollar baby!

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(*Continued from page* 38)

of violets at the front squarely on top of the gray hair.

Riding back, Rosie stayed hidden under her coat until they reached the bridge which took them into the main part of town, and her grandmother kept patting her head under the coat and saying, "You poor child. You poor child."

Aside from worrying about Rosemary's health, Mrs. Guilfoyle is happy as a clam about her granddaughter's success. A week or so after the premiere Rosie called her up from New York.

"You remember that big picture of you they had hanging over the bank?" said the old lady.

Rosie remembered—it had been at least eight feet square.

"Well," said Grandmother Guilfoyle. "They gave it to me."

"What in the world are you going to do with it?"

And back in Maysville, Mrs. Guilfoyle's face took on a patient expression. "Why, hang it in my living room, of course!"

Rosemary can't wait to see that one wall almost completely covered by her face. This is partly because of her love for her grandmother, partly because of Rosie's delightful sense of humor, and partly, it must be supposed, because she is a ham.

Rosemary Clooney is one of those rare phenomena in show business, the unknown who with one performance bursts into the bright world of the headliners. Her singular rendition of "Come on-a My House" brought a fortune rolling into the coffers of Columbia Records. It also put Clooney on the map of modern-day thrushes. With her warm version of the ballad, "Tenderly," fans of popular music began to snap up everything Rosemary had ever recorded. This included her records for children; young mothers across the country noted with astonishment that for the pint-sized trade, Clooney can switch her voice to a quality that suggests mother love, Alice in Wonderland and the 4-H Club. People came to the justifiable conclusion that Rosie is the most versatile singer of our day.

Among those so impressed were the executives of Paramount Studios, who tested Rosemary and put her into a half-hearted role in "The Stars Are Singing," a film which was being planned in a lukewarm manner. The daily rushes brought a revelation. The Clooney girl was not only a born nightingale—she had a personality that bounced right off the screen. Hurried conferences were held, the script was changed to give the public much more of Rosie, and the picture was built into a top-budget number designed to make the whole world Clooney-conscious.

The name Rosemary Clooney has a distinctive flavor of its own, perhaps because the name Clooney is, despite its Irish origin, a fairly uncommon one in the United States. When the clan resided in France centuries ago the name was undoubtedly spelled as Cluny, then when the fathers decided to shift to Ireland it was changed to the more Irish spelling of Clooney. It is a pixie-ish sounding name which coincides with Rosemary's own bright quality.

When Rosemary was a kid back in Maysville, she and her sister Betty and brother Nicky soon ceased to be bothered by the fact that their name conveniently rhymed with such uncomplimentary adjectives as "looney" and "gooney." Today Rosie feels highly complimented that cartoonist Al Capp has seen fit to weave one of his delightful satires around a character named *Rosie Gooney*, and she jokingly remarks that the one fine thing about a name like Rosemary Clooney is that it takes up so much space on a marquee there is no room for competition.

Where Rosemary herself is concerned, there *is* no room for competition. She treats every song she sings as lovingly as though it were her own creation, and projects a warmth that draws audiences to her. There is something about her that inevitably reminds people of other actresses. Some say she has the Carole Lombard flair for comedy, some see in her the Allyson quality of gaiety, others remark that the heart put into her singing reminds them of Judy Garland. In the final analysis, however, she is like no one but herself. Her hard work, her honesty, her sense of fairness—all are a result of her inherent personality and her environment.

Rosemary was the eldest of three children, all of whom began singing before they learned how to make mud pies. It was an inclination that was to lead all of them into show business where all of them were destined to make their mark.

When their parents separated, Grandfather Clooney made an immediate bid to take Rosie and Betty into his house. A dominant man who had practiced law and then been elected Mayor of Maysville, he doted on his first grandchild and had insisted from the moment of her birth that she must some day be a lawyer. In his home, the two small girls lived life in a fairly lush fashion. There were down quilts in the bedroom, shiny bicycles in the garage, and a maid in the kitchen to distribute fancy cookies. They were decked in ribbons and ruffles and hadn't a care in the world.

Rosemary was nine when her Grandmother Clooney died, and after that she and Betty moved in with their Grandmother Guilfoyle, a large, comfortable woman who had borne nine children and become a widow when the youngest was three. She had taken Nicky at the time of the divorce, and her two youngest children were still living with her. Grandma Guilfoyle had no illusions about life. It was difficult and sometimes very sad, and she gave her new charges a great deal of hard-headed horse sense, as well as love. Her household afforded none of the luxuries the Clooney sisters had recently known, yet they took to the fuller life immediately, shedding their furbelows and going barefoot from May until September. The house was a big one and the kids pitched in to help, soon learning that work gives life a greater meaning. Rosemary has never forgotten it and is still today one of the hardest working people in the entertainment world.

The sisters began their professional careers when Rosemary was seventeen and Betty fourteen, as a duet on call to sing practically anything at practically any hour for Cincinnati's radio station WLW. This went on for more than a year before bandleader Tony Pastor hit Cincinnati looking for a new vocalist. He heard the Clooney sisters and was so impressed that he ended up with two singers instead of one.

Because they were minors earning money they were wards of the state, and "Uncle George" Guilfoyle, although only six years Rosie's senior, got the job of chaperone. George was a likeable young man immediately accepted by the boys in the band, but he took his duties so seriously that to Betty and Rosemary he loomed like an ogre over their lives. Uncle George approved of very few liberties for young ladies, and his censorship stretched so far that his young cousins

were not even permitted to talk alone to band members. The only thing that ever got past him was Rosie's romance with a guitar player.

She was nineteen then, and the band was playing the Palladium in Hollywood. Rosie and her guitar player managed a few fast words alone when they were backstage, and pretty soon began sending each other notes behind Uncle George's back. Through these *billets doux* they decided they were in love and would get married, and it was arranged that they should meet after the show and find a minister who was still awake.

That night Uncle George accompanied Rosie to their boarding house on Vine Street and said goodnight at the foot of the stairs. Rosie hiked up three flights, entered the room she shared with Betty and began packing a small bag.

"What," said Betty, rolling over in bed, "do you think you're doing?"

"Sh-h-h!" said Rosie, pointing a finger at the floor, under which was Uncle George's room. "He'll hear you! I'm going to get married."

"*Married!*" Betty sat bolt upright.

Rosie shoved a pillow in her sister's face. "For heaven's sake, be quiet! He'll find out!"

"You bet he'll find out," said Betty. Although only sixteen, Betty was an astute young lady, at that moment much more so than her older sister. Rosemary had recently made her first recording and critics said she held much promise, so Betty felt only horror at the thought that Rosie could give up a budding career for a two-room flat and a daily fare of macaroni and cheese. Betty flounced out of bed and ran down the stairs in her bare feet to pound on Uncle George's door. Apprised of the elopement plan, Uncle George spent the night sitting just outside her door.

The next day, under the haggard eyes of Uncle George, the bewildered guitarist met Rosie backstage at the Palladium. "What happened to you?" he said. "I waited half the night."

Rosie grimaced and jerked her head toward Uncle George and a triumphant Betty. "She told him—the crow!"

It has turned out, and no one knows it better than Rosemary, that everything happened for the best. Barely six years have passed. Yet in that time she has earned for herself one of the most promising careers, friends by the hundreds, fans by the thousands, and a fabulous income.

Along with this life in the higher echelons, she is also the proud owner of an Aleutian mink coat, a plush garment which Rosie candidly tosses over her arm in all but the hottest of weather.

Its purchase was not made in an effort to impress others—Rosemary Clooney is not that kind of a person. It was simply because all her life she had had a passion for furs and at last could satisfy her yearning. In preparation for the lucky day she spent years gawking at the furs that whooshed by her. She wasn't afraid to stare nor to let dangle over the back of her chair what she hoped was a casually placed hand when there was a mink approaching. Fortified with such fur lore she set out to buy her own mink, accompanied by her manager Joe Shribman, who must give his permission for Rosie's large expenditures. Joe knows that mink is not for paupers, but he was unprepared for Rosie's determination to acquire a collection from the Aleutians. Faye Emerson owned the only other Aleutian mink in New York that year, and Rosemary had drooled too often at the sight of it not to try for one of her own. She slipped into one and Joe whistled his appreciation.

"It's lovely, Rosie," he said. "Walk over that way so I can get a better look at it." It was indeed a thing of beauty, thought Shribman. Then he asked the price.

"Seven thousand dollars," said the clerk.

He gulped twice, and Rosie still swears that his eyes bulged slightly.

"Is it warm?" he asked.

In all probability none of this would have been possible had not Betty Clooney squealed to Uncle George Guilfoyle on that night long ago, and today Rosemary feels only gratitude for the interference. George is now deeply imbedded in show business himself, having become manager for Betty, who records for the Coral label.

The professional parting of the sisters was a painful one, and yet another example of Betty's consideration for Rosemary. For three years they had crossed and criss-crossed the United States with the Tony Pastor band, doing one-night stands in cities they had never seen and hamlets they'd never heard of. It was a rough and tumble existence out of battered suitcases. Rosie, who takes off her shoes at the slightest opportunity, left a trail of lost shoes from Seattle to Miami Beach. By that time, band managers Joe Shribman and Charlie Trotta were so enchanted with Rosemary's voice that they had become her personal managers, and in 1949 they arranged a contract with Columbia Records.

Although Rosemary continued to travel with the Pastor orchestra, packing her clothes in the same suitcases with those of her sister, she knew the day was not far off when she would have to make the break. Recording artists must take advantage of the local fevers that spring up over their latest songs and hit the nightclubs in those particular areas. Betty knew it, too, and one night in Elkhart, Indiana, she announced to Rosemary, "I'm

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going home. I'm tired of working so hard."

When Rosemary got back to their hotel room two hours later, Betty had packed and left. She had gone back to Maysville for what she had promised would be a long hiatus. Rosemary noticed, however, that when two weeks later she herself left the band, Betty was back in show business doing fifteen shows a week on television.

It had been subtly done, and Rosemary had been spared the embarrassment of splitting the act. If she lives to be ninety she will always be grateful. Wherever Betty is now, her phone rings at least once a week with a call from Rosie.

Pinning down either sister would be difficult even for the FBI. In their world of high pressure and hoopla they must be ready to fly to far-off cities at the drop of a contract, and the pace of their working lives is such that they sometimes can't even locate each other. Brother Nicky is the only one of the trio who seems to have settled. He is a top flight disc jockey in Wilmington, Delaware. Rosemary, who has an affinity for telephones, makes a steady stream of calls to Wilmington, and gets a boot out of the fact that Nicky refuses to play her recordings on his show.

According to Rosemary, Nicky has a voice that can charm birds down from the trees, and she continues to plead that he start his own singing career. Nicky replies that he's satisfied with the status quo and wants to write songs, perhaps one day a successful musical comedy. The Clooney kids never argued about anything except music, and not one of them has ever won an argument with the other, so Rosie should know by now that Nicky is *not* going to be a singer.

During the days of traveling with the band, Rosemary felt an occasional pang that she had not gone to college. She sang at hundreds of college proms, and watched with envy from the rostrum as boys and girls of her own age forgot their studies to dance dreamily to her own warbling. She has since concluded that her education has been valuable in its own way.

She has learned about life and about people, which is more than comes of most college educations, but nevertheless she continues to be an avid reader. She reads constantly, anything and everything from the brighter parts of history to the dull messages printed on cereal boxes. If print is in front of Rosemary's eyes, she'll read it. It's the only relaxation that can be enjoyed in ten minutes or one minute, and Clooney has paid a fortune to airlines because she insists on carrying a suitcase of half-finished books.

She is beginning to wish, however, that she could settle down, that she could keep her toothbrush in a house rather than in her purse. Currently she keeps an apartment in New York and rents a house in Beverly Hills. But Rosemary is too much of a small-town girl to feel at home in a rented house. She wants a place of her own and is shopping for one now that a movie contract will enable her to stay in one place for a few weeks at a time.

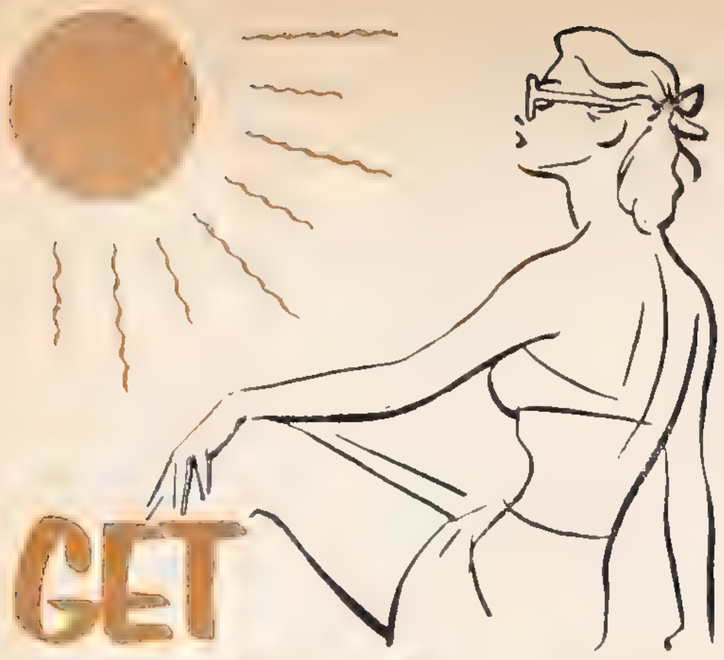
There is always the possibility, of course, that she will one day settle into a home as Mrs. X, but what the X might stand for is anybody's guess. About two years ago she was dating comedian Dave Garroway, but since that time her steady escort has been José Ferrer. Where that romance will end no one knows, as Ferrer, although separated from his wife for some time, is still not free to marry. He and Rosemary see each other when their paths cross, and she is quite frank in saying that she enjoys his company tremendously. "He is interested in so many things . . . we have so much in common . . . you can learn something from him every minute." These quotes are undoubtedly an understatement of Rosie's sentiments toward Mr. Ferrer, but in the light of the legal snags that have not yet been untangled, they are in the best of taste.

In the interim, her energies are devoted to her career. Her second movie, "Here Come the Girls" with Bob Hope, will be released in December. She is working now in "Red Garters" and in August will start "White Christmas" with Bing Crosby. Rosie has been called "Miss Crosby," a reference stemming from the fact that she is, like Bing, a natural. They just give her a script, she learns her lines, and without a hint from a dramatic coach, she puts across her scenes with gusto.

She sings the same way. Somebody once told her she sings the same way Harry James plays his trumpet—a beat in back of the orchestra. She thought for a while and then said, "Yes, I guess I do. I never thought of it that way." Rosie can't read music and has no intention of learning. "I might get so wound up with the mechanics of it that I'd forget how to sing."

The statement proves that Rosie sings from the heart, and the fact is perhaps responsible for her surge of popularity. That plus the fact that she is a ham. This she admits. "Of course I'm a ham. Any performer worth his salt must be."

Her fans are quite happy about it. Otherwise, Grandfather Clooney might conceivably have turned her into a lawyer and that, they say with a shudder, would have been criminal. THE END



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They're Never Too Young or Too Old

(*Continued from page* 58)

who was an enemy was saying, "Brother, I wonder what will happen when Joan Crawford makes her picture with Wilding!" a true pal of both flared, "Elizabeth has nothing to worry about—he worships that little girl." Mike had his fill of older women; in fact he was in a warm romance with gorgeous gramma Dietrich the week before he fell for Lizzie. But now he's singing it's so nice to have a girl—a young girl—around the house.

Charlie Chaplin, of course, was the originator of the older Hollywood man and young girl trip to the altar. And he really tripped with Mildred Harris, who I believe was sixteen and Lita Grey, who was fifteen when she fell for the Chaplin allure. Current wife Oona wasn't much older and she's still under his spell.

I can understand why the men like to be married to itsy bitsy girls—it's great for the ego. But the fervor with which some of our younger female marrieds regard their aging mates, frankly has me a bit baffled.

Take June Allyson. When Dick Powell was so ill recently, she lost nine pounds worrying. (She'll conk me on the head for calling him an aging mate, by the way—but it's really meant comparatively speaking.) And when he was too sick to attend the preview of "Split Second," his first directing chore, June subbed for him, and acted like a hen with its first chick, climbing all over people, squatting on her knees, fluttery and nervous until the verdict came in with the applause.

Dick used to treat her like a baby. But not any more. In her own imperceptible way, she's the boss at home. And it's hard to believe that Joan Blondell complained Dick was overcareful with his money and when they split they had to divide everything, down to the last kitchen utensil. I guess Joan just didn't know how to handle him, because he shot the bankroll for Junie—and what a huge estate he just bought for them in Mandeville Canyon!

Stewart Granger's reason for delaying his marriage to Jean Simmons was that he was old enough to be her father; he didn't put it quite that way, of course, but he was obviously conscious of the gray around his handsome temples. But nothing is more of a come-on to a young female of any species than a delaying tactic based on the age differential. The more the man said "Let's wait," the more Jean begged "Let's not." But Granger's a gentleman of the old school and he kept her waiting until she was twenty-one. After a doubtful beginning, they're shaking down well. She still leans on him madly for the support she doesn't need, but you don't hear him bawling her out. And there's a sort of cosiness about them even when they work together as in "Young Bess."

It cost Humphrey Bogart $300,000 to divorce Mayo Methot in order to marry Lauren Bacall. Betty isn't thirty yet. Bogey will never see fifty again. And yet this is one of the most consolidated partnerships in town, in spite of the ridiculous rumor that has Bacall swooning for Adlai Stevenson. She loved his politics, but this clear-cut dame has never confused being a Democrat with being in love—although she was able to switch Bogey from Ike to the man of her political choice.

There are no feminine tricks with Bacall. She's a pal, more than a gal. She was green about everything when she met her Lord and Master in "To Have and Have Not." How they all ribbed her—Bogart most of all! If Betty had cried or resented it, she wouldn't now be signing her name Mrs. B.

I remember shortly after the marriage, Bogey came home and heard her bawling the pants off the grocer. He pretended to be shocked and told her she had no right to talk to anyone like that. "What was it all about?" he wanted to know. "The man had the nerve," said Bacall, "to say he'd close our account because we weren't buying enough with him." This made Mr. B. mad, naturally, and after consigning the grocer to the hottest place, he inquired, "Oh, by the way, how much did we spend last month?" "I only charged a head of lettuce last month," said his wife defiantly. He made her write the grocer a letter of apology. She was in awe of Bogey then. I don't think she'd write that letter now.

Bogart is another husband who hates to spend money unless he absolutely has to. But his young wife got him to buy Hedy Lamarr's hilltop snuggery for $100,000, and after last year's flood marooned them, she used witchery or hypnotism to make him come across with $200,000 for their present Holmby Hills palace next door to the Alan Ladds. Betty, incidentally, has always been shocked by a free and easy approach to marriage. "I can't understand it," she once told me. "If I marry, it's for keeps."

David Selznick can give Jennifer Jones a good twenty-five years, and he used to give her you-know-what in the early days of courting. David was never an all-for-one-woman man, but Jennifer has never been able or willing to cope with more than one at a time. So when David flirted with girls at parties, she'd flounce out and be home before he could say, "I'm sorry."

This running-away tactic served her as well as it did Mr. Granger. When she flew to Switzerland, David O.'s plane was right on her tail. And that's how it's been ever since. He adores her so much he's a nuisance, sending dozens of memos to the producers of her pictures, and guarding his bride from the press as if she were the Hope diamond or something.

Selznick has been accused of coming between Jennifer and the late Robert Walker. No one can break a good marriage. But David was someone she could turn to when poor Walker was unable to cope with her growing success. David was a rock, albeit a crude leaning post—and about as subtle as a Mack truck when it comes to women. But the marriage looks good from this distance.

Mike O'Shea is forty-seven. Wife Virginia Mayo is twenty-six. But if you know of a bigger success than this marriage, don't tell me. I don't know any other wife who'd pay, cheerfully or morosely, $25,000 of her own money to her husband's former wife. Sure the judge made her, but some marriages might have cracked under the strain. This mating was made in Hollywood, but it looks like heaven. And more like heaven than ever, now that there's a young O'Shea on the way.

Haven't heard too much from Joan Caulfield since she married Frank Ross, at least fifteen years her senior. Frank used to be married to Jean Arthur, and I imagine he's much nearer fifty than forty. He and Joan live very well in a big house on a high hill in Beverly; they are neighbors of the Edgar Bergens, who, by the way, is some twenty-odd years older than *his* wife. Joan is now starring in television, Frank will have completed "The Robe" in CinemaScope, by the time you read this and the Sun is Shining.

Cary Grant wasn't happy with the wives who were near his own age. But Betsy Drake, twenty years his junior, is getting along all right. Apparently she can do no wrong. She was clever before she hooked

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Ruth Roman	Ann Baxter	Mona Freeman	Mark Stevens	Scott Brady
Virginia Mayo	Hedy Lamarr	Betty Grable	Loretta Young	James Stewart
	Marie Wilson	Gordon MacRae	Joan Crawford	Audie Murphy
	Dana Clark	Joan Leslie	Greer Garson	Marilyn Monroe
	Jeff Chandler	Jane Russell	Terry Moore	Debbie Reynolds
	Doris Day	Shelley Winters	Janis Paige	Olivia DeHaviland
	Lana Turner	Jeanne Crain	Gregory Peck	Bing Crosby
	William Holden	Lauren Bacall	Wm. Lundigan	John Derek
	Gary Cooper	Gloria DeHaven	Robert Young	Cary Grant
	Bob Mitchum	Rita Hayworth	Vic Damone	Donald O'Connor
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the guy—careful to give no hint of the impending nuptials, because that's how a lot of girls didn't take Grant. She was fey and always too embarrassed to talk. But she had a wonderedful sense of humor, and when a magazine writer wanted a story on her wedding she started by limiting the replies to Yes and No. When he pressed for elaborate details, she stopped him with, "How much does your magazine sell for?" "Fifteen cents," he told her. "For fifteen cents," bubbled Betsy, "I don't think your readers are entitled to come into Cary's and my bedroom."

They recently took a trip half way around the world, and prepared for it at Betsy's suggestion by attending every lecture and travelogue in town dealing with faraway places. She has never cared for night clubs, which younger wives sometimes miss when the old man wants to get out the slippers and/or go to bed. She doesn't like dressing up, although premarriage Cary dated some of the best-dressed females in town. And how she did it, no one knows, because above everything, Cary was proud of his bachelor-style home, but he gave the young missus *carte blanche* to do the whole place over. And it was Betsy who discovered the beautiful paneling under the coats of paint; she and Cary spent every minute scraping the stuff themselves—with or without guests around.

Even when she took over his ill-fated radio series based on the "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House," the marriage stood firm while the network rocked. All they need to be a million per cent happy, is a baby. And maybe they'll adopt some kids if heaven doesn't bless them with their own.

So far, so successful. But of course the May-December love songs sometimes hit a sour note. Olivia de Havilland and elderly Marcus Goodrich, for instance. Olivia was a character in search of a father. She didn't see much of her own dad—he married a Japanese girl following his divorce from her mother. And she always went for older men, including Jock Whitney and John Huston; she was so in love with the fascinating Mr. Huston. And she fell like a ton of bricks for Goodrich, who was a greater disciplinarian than the papa in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

The story goes that Goodrich even wanted Livvy to be billed as Mrs. Marcus Goodrich in "Romeo and Juliet," which would have surprised Shakespeare, but not anyone who knew de Havilland's husband. Another story has it that when a letter was delivered to the house addressed in her maiden name, Marcus sent it back unopened with the message that only Mrs. M. Goodrich lived there. It's a fact that when friends of his fifth wife called, they had to pass through him to reach her.

There was also the story that Marcus was holding forth at tea one afternoon and when the phone rang and she jumped to answer, he screamed, "Don't you know you don't talk on the telephone when I'm talking?" Hard to believe all the stories, but with so much gossip there must have been some truth. My heart really broke for Olivia. She wanted so badly to make good in the love department. Hope she has better luck next time.

Often in an unhappy marriage, the young wife has more courage to break it up after the arrival of a child. That's how it happened with Olivia. And the same for Linda Darnell, who pursued Pev Marley when she was fifteen until she chased him into the wedding circle. But their adopted daughter wasn't very old before Linda decided she'd been chasing a dream that hadn't come true.

Piper Laurie is twenty-one. Len Goldstein, the producer, is forty-nine. He has always insisted that his feelings for the former flower eater are strictly platonic. And I'm finally beginning to believe him, because Piper is going more for men of her own age, like Carlos Thompson. And she wants to marry, which Len doesn't.

Pier Angeli wants to marry too. But there is nothing paternal about how Kirk Douglas feels about her. And she's *crazy* about him. There's about seventeen years' difference in their ages. But, says Pier, "Years have nothing to do with how you've lived inside. I look very young, but I have been through a war and know suffering." She's dashing to Europe this summer for "The Flame and the Flesh," and she'll see Kirk, of course, and maybe call his bluff on the marriage front.

Wherever Pier went her mama was sure to go. But the little Angeli is twenty-one now, and the day after her last birthday, she stamped her foot and told her mother, who absolutely cannot stand Kirk, chiefly because she thinks he's too old for her darling daughter, that from now on she'll run her own life. Which makes it a bit tough for her twin, Marisa, because mama has transferred all the supervision to her.

It's hard to imagine Pier marrying Kirk or anyone, she still looks like such a baby. When my little daughter, Wendy, first saw her with Kirk at Jack's at The Beach, she asked me, in the loudest whisper, "Mama, is she a girl or a woman?" I replied, "Something in between."

There are two kinds of women. Careless ones who lose their gloves, and careful ones who lose only one glove.

TONY CURTIS

Then there's Bing Crosby and Mona Freeman. Bing is in Europe; Mona was getting ready to go there when a picture assignment reared its imperative head and the studio nixed the trip. Mona beefed for years that no one would take her seriously as a grown-up girl, even though she was married and had a daughter. If she marries Bing, who is twice her age, she'll have no more problems on this count. Or even if she doesn't marry him. It's a romance all right. But whether the durable type, only time will tell.

Then there's the other side: older wives, younger husbands. After Ginger Rogers married Jacques, a cat meowed, "Glamour actresses now have to watch their girlish figures and boyish husbands." But I'll match Ginger's physique against any twenty-year-old chick's . . . Brenda Marshall is older than Bill Holden but this is probably the most successful marriage in town. . . . Eleanor Powell can give Glenn Ford a few years, but they're doing fine now. . . . Bette Davis is quite a bit older than Gary Merrill, but if she ever gets discouraged, she can think of the great Victorian statesman, Disraeli, whose bride was born a quarter of a century before him, and he never ceased praising her as the inspiration for his career and happiness.

So I guess it adds up to this—age has absolutely nothing to do with it. You're never too young or too old. If you're in love you can be as old as Methusela—or as young as Juliet.

(*Liz Taylor will be in "Elephant Walk," June Allyson in "Remains to Be Seen." Lauren Bacall stars in "How to Marry a Millionaire," and Virginia Mayo's next is "Arizona Outpost."*)

Two's Company

(*Continued from page* 49)

into bud when they first worked together in Paramount's "Sangaree," and really blossomed as they finished shooting in Warners' "Diamond Queen," can't help wondering what will happen to their love when they go their separate ways career-wise—even if only temporarily. While Fernando was plunging into work on "Lost Treasure of the Amazon" opposite Rhonda Fleming, Arlene was holding out—refusing to be cast with any other leading man.

Arlene sums it all up in one simple sentence: "Working with Fernando is more stimulating than working with anyone else." As far as the lady is concerned, the gentleman, it seems, can do no wrong. She adores his sense of humor, doesn't mind how much he teases her (and he teases her a lot!) and seems enchanted with his fiery bursts of temperament.

And from Fernando's point of view, Arlene is a good-luck charm. She made his first screen test with him when he arrived at M-G-M some two years ago. And it was as a direct result of this test that he was given his first Hollywood assignment—in "The Law and the Lady."

"The sparks began to fly," Arlene admits, while they were making that test together. She found Fernando "terribly exciting." And he was by no means unaware of the lovely Arlene's appeal, for he asked her for a date almost at once. Interested as she was, Arlene parried his invitation with, "But aren't you married?"

"Separated," was Fernando's reply.

"Sorry. But that's not good enough."

And that was that for the time being.

Not long afterward, Arlene married Lex Barker, a state of affairs on which Fernando seemed then neither inclined nor qualified to comment.

He has however—since he and Arlene have been a steady duo—expressed himself rather colorfully on the subject. He once said to a group of their friends, "She's been losing her time." When it was pointed out she had been married to Lex Barker, Fernando quickly countered, "That's just what I mean. Losing her time."

But that "time loss" will be completely and legally over in October when Arlene's divorce from Lex becomes final.

And October, to Fernando and Arlene, is a special month no matter how you look at it. For it will mark a full year since they first began their steady dating.

In October, 1952, Arlene was spending a weekend in Palm Springs, alone except for her secretary. With a couple of hours to fill, she wandered into a movie and saw Fernando in "The Merry Widow." Completely enchanted by his performance, she sat down and wrote him—of all things!—a fan letter. But she didn't get around to mailing it, and when she returned to Hollywood, she still had it.

So she was a very astounded girl when she found among the messages that had stacked up in her absence, that Fernando had telephoned her. She got on the phone to him at once.

"This is fantastic!" she said. "What an incredible coincidence. I saw your picture yesterday and I wrote you a fan letter. I was just getting ready to mail it."

"Oh, don't waste the stamp. I'll come right over and pick it up."

The six-months anniversary of that first date, they spent together in New York. If their plans go through as anticipated, they'll celebrate the full year in Europe.

And they may even do more than that. They may even join forces for keeps—and come back to Hollywood as Mr. and Mrs. Fernando Lamas. THE END

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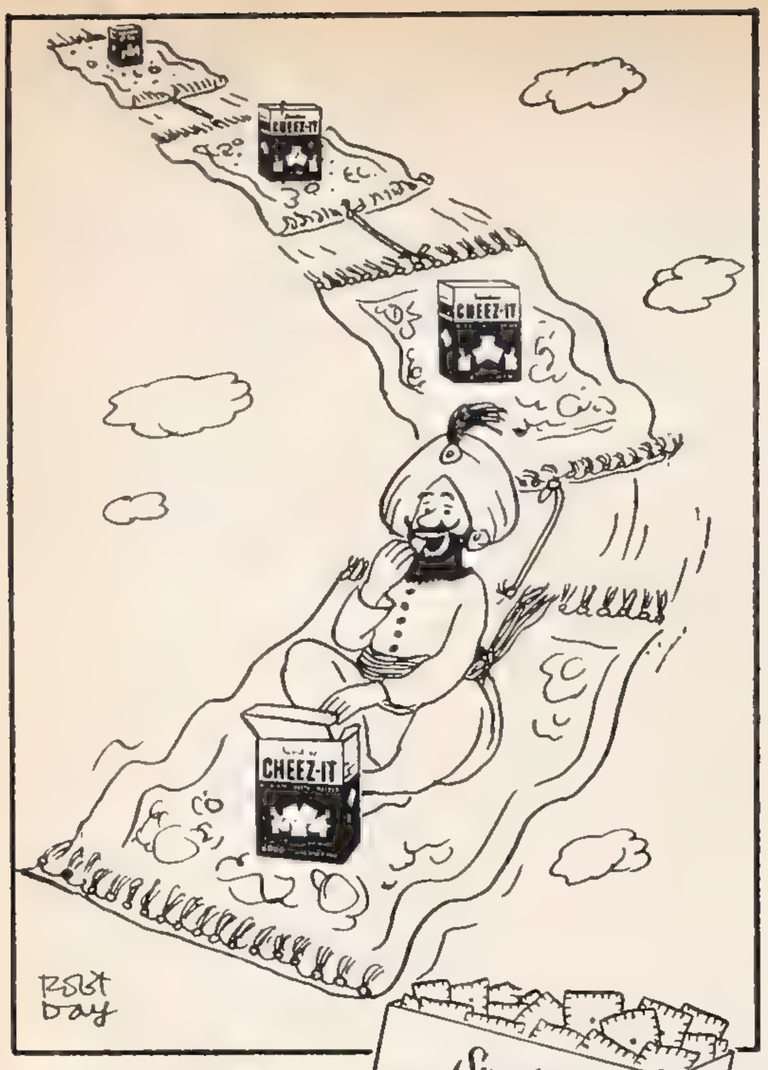

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Nice Going, Mrs. James

(*Continued from page* 54)

act when he was thirteen days old. At five he was a circus performer and at fourteen he had left home to travel with bands.

Betty, a saxophone tooter and a tap dancer in kiddie reviews in St. Louis before she was old enough to enter grade school, became a chorus girl in Hollywood at the ripe age of twelve.

Neither knew the established security of normal childhood home life. Betty's parents, Conn and Lillian Grable, were separated for eight years and finally divorced. The daughter of an ambitious mama, docile Betty missed out on the proms, school chums, picnics and parties. Harry, a renowned trumpeter with his own band, was the darling of hordes of bobby-soxers. He worked hard and in his spare time he played equally hard.

According to such experts as Dr. Paul Popenoe, marriage counselor, Harry and Betty's early years could hardly have molded them into solid marriage material.

The lanky jive artist with the Texas drawl married Louise Tobin, a Benny Goodman vocalist, when he was nineteen, fathered two sons and was still married, though separated, when Betty met him.

Betty was just sixteen when she told her mother she wanted to marry a saxophone player in Ted Fio Rito's band. Mrs. Grable shrewdly surmised that opposition was futile. "Open your mouth," she wrote her husband, "and they'll elope tomorrow." Instead she asked Betty not to marry until she was twenty-one. Betty promised.

And kept the promise almost to the day, though by then she had switched bridegrooms. A month before her twenty-first birthday she married Jackie Coogan, who as "The Kid" had earned some four million dollars. Betty was in heaven, thrilled over the huge engagement ring and the church wedding for which she became a Catholic.

A day before the wedding Jackie's mother phoned, "If you think you're marrying a millionaire you're mistaken; he hasn't a dime." This grim warning bothered Betty not one whit; she'd worked since she was twelve and she went right on. Betty stood with Coogan through the sordid lawsuit with his mother which proved that his money was gone. But the marriage of the playboy and the pinup queen came apart at the seams.

A divorcee at twenty-two, the platinum blonde with the candy-box complexion really began playing the glamour circuit. Following her terrific success on Broadway in "DuBarry Was a Lady," stage door Johnnies cluttered her path. She adored the American Beauty roses, the champagne, the plushy night clubs.

Back in Hollywood, her romances—with Victor Mature, Artie Shaw, Ty Power, Desi Arnaz, Lee Bowman, socialite Alexis Thompson, Jack Oakie, her agent Vic Orsatti, Bob Stack, John Payne—were photographed and written about in detail.

It was all fun. But when she met the much older George Raft she really fell in love. That romance lasted for some two and a half years, finally came to an end when Raft's wife refused to divorce him. "I saw there was no future for us," Betty summed it up at the time. "And I won't get over him today, or tomorrow or next week."

But she did. The year was 1943 and she spent much of her time getting over Raft by entertaining at the Hollywood Canteen. Harry James played often for the boys and Betty soon found herself attracted to the tall, lean, quiet guy with cornflower blue eyes, bluer even than her own. It was no sudden youthful infatuation. Betty was twenty-six and Harry twenty-seven, and both knew instinctively that this was "it." Harry left for New York. She visited him there soon after, parrying reporters' questions on her break-up with George Raft. Nor did she tell them that Harry had asked her to marry him.

Four days before their scheduled wedding Harry was in New York and Betty in Hollywood, both sweating out the hours to learn whether his first wife had really obtained her Mexican divorce.

It was a hectic wedding in a neon-lit garish setting, far from family and friends. The kind of wedding that marriage counselors frown on. And the kind which too often has led straight to the divorce courts. Betty, with a girl friend and publicity agent, went to Las Vegas to meet Harry, who came by train from New York. At 5:00 A.M., they drove to the chapel of the Last Frontier Hotel. Sick at heart, they kept right on driving past when they saw an expectant mob in front of the chapel and heard a man yell, "Step this way, folks. They'll be here any minute."

"It was like a circus," Betty remembers, unhappily, "and we called the minister and asked him to marry us in a hotel room. Then we bundled our huge wedding cake into the car and drove back to Hollywood —our honeymon merely a dawn-lit ride over the desert."

Gossip columnists, in theatre parlance, predicted a short run for the marriage. They hastened to point out that the nation's Number One Pinup girl had to remain in Hollywood while her bridegroom was on the road, playing in the nation's dance palaces. How can you keep a marriage going that way, they asked.

Betty and Harry James ignored all these signs and portents. They knew they had a secret ace up their sleeves—the abiding love they felt for each other. Later they added the strongest link in a good marriage —children. From the beginning they adjusted their work schedules, made the most of precious shared hours—and all through the years continued merrily to peel July 5's from their calendar. They will admit one problem, however. Anniversary gifts puzzle them.

"There probably isn't another wife in town who would rather have a horse for an anniversary present than a mink coat," smiles the all-time pinup queen. "But I'm that character. The most wonderful present Harry ever gave me was what you might call a three-in-one affair: a sweet-faced mare in foal with a colt trotting by her side! And the strangest present was one Harry gave me last Valentine's day. He constantly ribs me about how nervous and excited I get when one of our entries is running at the track. There's no point in my carrying a handkerchief because I shred it to pieces. Even the studio knows I won't be able to sing the next day, because I report with a foghorn baritone. Well, when Harry heard that trainers give nervous horses shots of Vitamin B-12, he bought me a bottle and tied red ribbons and a heart on it. Hasn't helped at all. I still blow my top at the track."

It's the only place she does, however, for at home Betty is a calm, contented wife and mother. And it's around two lovely auburn-haired girls—Vicki, nine, and Jessica, five—that the James' family life revolves. From the beginning of her marriage Betty decided that the only way to keep her two careers on an even keel was by rigidly restricting each to its proper place.

"When we were decorating our house," recalls Betty, "minor crises turned up one after the other. The maid called—but she

only did that once—and asked me to rush right home to settle the problem. Imagine! What did she think I have here at the studio but problems?"

The studio problems Betty handles easily. Two dozen years of dancing and singing in some forty motion pictures have made her a perfectionist. At the same time, they've given her no false sense of her real potential as an actress. When she heard that Preston Sturges had declared she could be a great comedienne if she'd forget her legs, she said simply, "Nuts. It's my legs that made me." Asked to explain what Grable has that has earned her studio more than fifty million dollars and given her one of the largest salaries paid any star at any studio, she flips, "I'm just a gal that truck drivers like." And though she has been three times listed by the Treasury Department as the highest-paid woman in the whole country, she once told a reporter, "Excuse me, please, while I go act. If you can call it that."

At the studio she devotes every bit of her fantastic energy to making the best pictures she knows how. But her firm "no" can be heard across the set when she's asked to hold still for publicity which will cut into her free time with her family—although she has a healthy respect for the fans who have brought her stardom. But she's been all through the rough-and-tumble days when gag publicity was vital. And she just isn't having any more.

Naturally this makes her off-stage life, from a news standpoint, as unexciting as if she were living in Nellie's Apron, Arkansas. And that's how she wants it—though the night spot photographers may weep. The moment Betty enters her beige Cadillac at 6:30 P.M., she turns off her studio glamour, like a faucet.

"I don't know how some actresses can work day after day and have themselves a ball night after night when they have children to bring up," says Betty. "I don't know how they can go traipsing all over the globe and leave their children to be brought up by maids. I've never been to Europe or Mexico or Hawaii . . . not even to Sun Valley. Harry and I feel that traveling and sight-seeing can wait until the girls are older and we can all go together. Meanwhile I may be a spectator at the races—but never a *spectator* mother."

This is easy to verify. It's Betty in bathing suit who climbs into the shower to personally suds the soft baby curls of her daughters; who shops for all their clothes; drives them to parties, to dancing classes, to the pediatrician for checkups. It's Betty who never misses dinner with Vicki and Jessica and tells them their favorite fairy tales. ("And woe is me if I leave out so much as a comma.")

And had you been on the set of "How to Marry a Millionaire"—Betty's latest picture—you'd have seen still another side of Betty, wife and mother. She had just finished a scene in which her gorgeously filled blue dress had elicited wolf whistles from the crew. And then she trotted over

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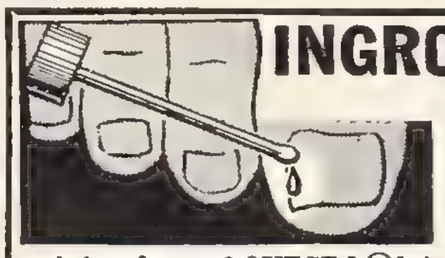

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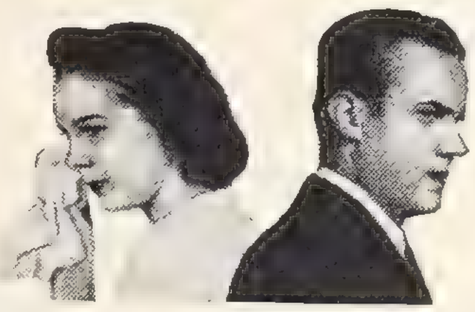

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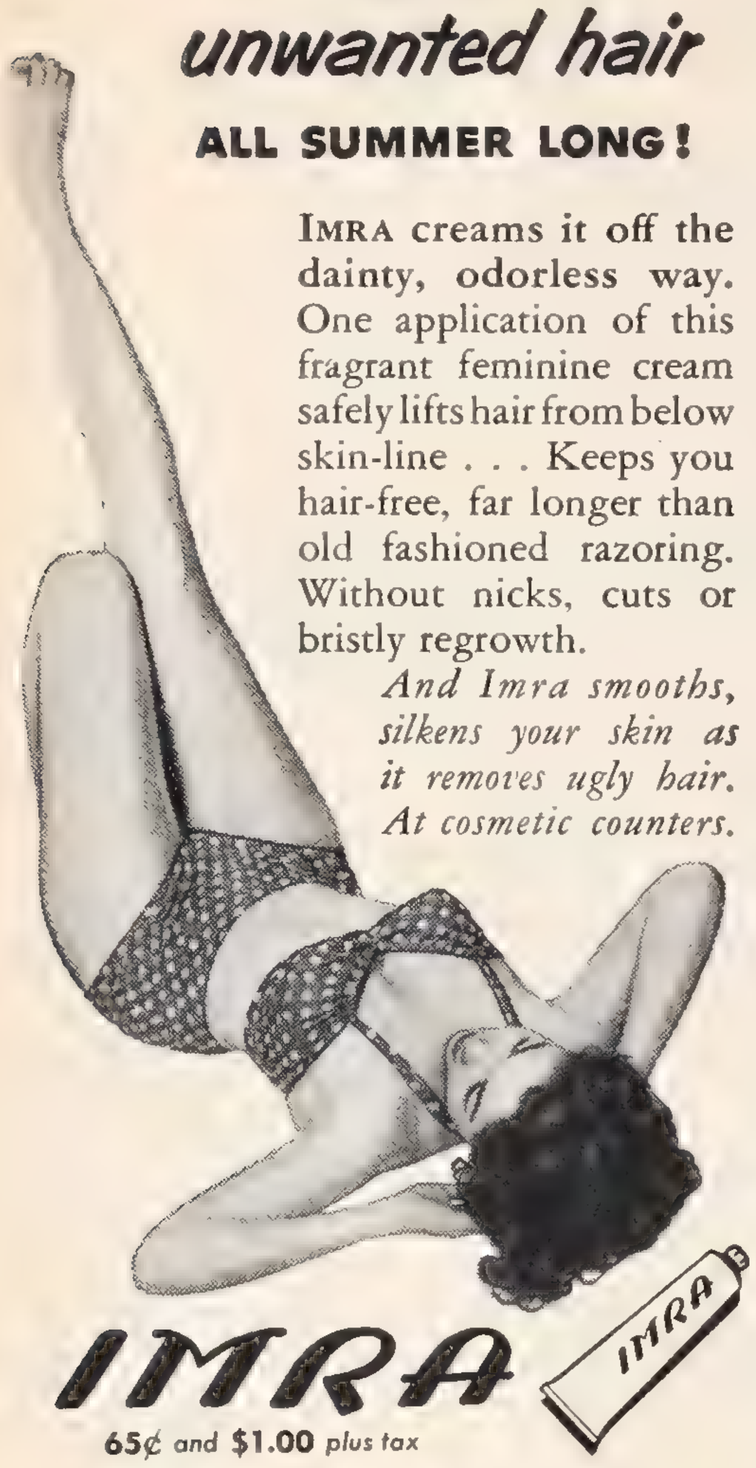

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to a wall telephone. Standing on tip toe to reach the mouthpiece she read from a long list, "Two pounds of butter, three pounds of green peas—and are you sure they're nice and fresh? . . . I'd like some lamb chops, but the cook said the last ones you sent weren't spring lamb. . . ."

Even if she's making a picture in December (which means six full days of work a week), you'll still see her trotting around to the shops that stay open late, buying Christmas gifts for the children and her relatives.

A certain director's wife has definite knowledge of this. The maid came back from her day off to announce breathlessly: "Guess who I saw at Sears-Roebuck in Westwood buying kitchen curtains? *Betty Grable!*"

A few years ago Betty and Harry moved into their third house, although it is the first they've furnished—a twelve-room English-style brick house, shaded by huge eucalyptus trees and boasting two acres of lawns. The house, in the old Doheny estate, is a quarter of a century old. "At first sight," explained Betty, "I thought it looked like a Boris Karloff set, dark and gloomy with five of the seven fireplaces boarded up. But it was beautifully built, the rooms large, and the price right."

They proceeded to chase the gloom with lots of red (Betty's favorite color), forest green and sunny yellow to set off the beautifully paneled walls, and to install all their horse trophies. The little girls share a huge bedroom papered in blue and white plaid, filled with white furniture and two gaily canopied blue and white beds.

Betty will tell you that "Harry doesn't toot his horn at home—the only trumpet has been made into a lamp—nor do I practice my dances or study my scripts. We shut out that part of our lives when we close our front door. The other evening Harry brought home a record made by one of our friends. All through dinner he told me how really super it was, filled with unusual musical effects. I could hardly wait to hear it. We rushed into the den and put it on the record player there. It wouldn't work. Then we ran around trying the three or four others we have around. None of them played. Finally we tramped up to the children's room and played it on their Mickey Mouse record player! It sounded horrible—tinny and out of tune. Both of us burst out laughing. 'Fine show-business people,' said Harry. 'The cobbler with the unsoled shoes.'"

The James television set, though, is kept in good repair. For Betty, alone a good part of the time at night, sits herself down, after she's kissed the girls goodnight, to watch every gory murder mystery she can find. If her mother is visiting she'll say, "Mother, please keep your bedroom door open tonight. I'm afraid that ghosts may forget the program's over."

Though their house has a huge living room which would comfortably hold fifty party guests and a dining room with three mahogany tables which fit together to make a huge buffet table, they practically never entertain. So Betty is beginning to think they might like a smaller house, contemporary, but not too coldly modern. "A large room with dining, den and living areas all together," she day-dreams, "where we could put the television set, shuffleboard, Harry's pool table, the children's doll house and their spinet. It might give an interior decorator the whim-whams, but I don't care."

Betty's eyes grow dreamy as, in her mind's eye, she sees that house taking shape. Then her eyes grow puzzled. "I can just see myself moving into that dream house. I wish some smart guy would explain to me, why, when moving time rolls around, Harry always manages to be on the road with the band. I've heard the same thing from other wives. Maybe we ought to write to Dorothy Dix's advice column. I've moved three times—and always by myself. Maybe I ought to ask that husband of mine if he's psychic."

If Harry isn't, it's probably because he knows how efficient Betty is. If there is anything she can do for herself, she does it, for she hates to be waited on. She's always a perfectionist—hates disorder or messiness; is forever emptying ash trays, straightening pictures and doesn't wait for spring cleaning to tidy closets.

All the same, she's not really domestic and maintains that cooking is something she just "can't get with." If the cook is out she will gather her brood and dine out—that way she *knows* they'll get all their vitamins. Still she loves to eat and has a wrestler's appetite. Her favorites are simple foods—hamburgers and hot dogs—followed by a rich, gooey dessert. Yet her measurements have scarcely changed in years and her legs are still unchallenged as the world's finest. She doesn't need to diet: the hours of dancing burn off any fat accumulated by her three hearty meals and two between-meal snacks.

You'll never find Betty running up a fine seam or putting up a supply of jam for the winter. She was never exposed to feminine interests during her hoofing, chorus-girl adolescence.

So it is that this earthy gal (whose humor is sometimes unprintable) likes men better than women and has only one close woman friend, Betty Ritz, wife of Harry Ritz. Her interests, aside from those of wife and mother, are mainly Harry's interests: horses and horse racing, bowling, baseball, football, the fights, poker and gin rummy. At cards, she's a hard loser. "Hmm," she says to Harry. "You had all the good ones." Even when she wins she tells him, "You let me win."

But when one of the James horses wins a race she knows it's real. Big Noise, born and bred on their ranch has won more than $100,000. Betty still sees him as a wobbly-legged little colt, hardly able to stumble around. Just talking about him raises a lump in her throat.

But she laughs when she remembers a racing incident that happened when Vicki was three. The little girl overheard Betty making arrangements on the phone to attend the races one afternoon.

"Please, Mommy, take me," begged Vicki.

"No, dear, races are not for little girls. When you're older I'll take you."

Upon Betty's return, Vicki met her at the door, a big scowl darkening her usually happy face. "Mommy, I listened to the radio and heard the man say, 'This race is for three-year-olds!'"

With its interest focused on home life, the James marriage has been, from a news standpoint, truly a dull one. Yet the rumor mongers have been busy. And whenever Betty has gone to Ciro's or the Mocambo to catch her favorites—Joe E. Lewis or Billy Daniels or Kay Thompson—the columns have hinted that the Grable-James marriage was on shaky legs. Betty hated to give these rumors the importance of denial. Yet, heartsick over their effect on Harry on tour in distant towns, she has from time to time begged her studio to set things right. "I was out with my best friends, Betty and Harry Ritz," she explains or "I wasn't even *at* the Club Deauville the other night."

During the past ten years Hollywood has had to admit their fears for the James marriage have been groundless. And the principals figure it this way: their marriage can't last any longer—no longer, that is, than a lifetime!

THE END

Debra's Answer Men

(*Continued from page 70*)

conversation is of some help to those who have written to her.

To begin with what appears to be the Number One sleep-disturber of our times, here's a letter from a girl in Philadelphia:

Dear Debra: I am sixteen and a junior in high; my fellow is seventeen and a senior. Bob figures that he is going to be drafted soon, so he has been goofing off at school. He's going to have to make up several subjects so, instead of graduating in June, he won't make it until next February. He thinks that he might as well enlist now and have it over. I think he should finish school and perhaps go on to college, waiting until his draft board calls. What do you think?

DEBRA: Dewey Martin, you broke out of school without graduating, didn't you? So what do you say?

DEWEY MARTIN: I didn't graduate, but I did finish my high-school work while I was in service. I got impatient because I'd been hoping for an appointment to the Naval Academy, and I'd been working hard to prepare myself. Then my sponsor died before the appointment came through, and I flaked out. Things seemed in a hopeless mess, so I signed up with the Navy, went to flight school and wound up flying fighter planes in the Pacific.

I think this problem of joining or waiting to be drafted is an individual thing. But I don't think *how* a fellow gets *into* service is what matters. As things exist in the world today, every able-bodied man is going to serve his stretch in uniform; so he might as well make up his mind to be the best darned sailor, soldier, marine or coastguardman in his outfit.

RICHARD ALLAN: I agree with you, Dewey, and I think a guy should take along—his sense of humor.

I got the greetings, put in for the Air Corps and got my basic training on the East coast, then was shipped 3,000 miles across country to the Portland, Oregon airbase. Our detachment lined up on the landing strip. Boy, were we filled with that stuff you see in the wild blue yonder! And then a top sergeant said, "You have been consigned to the Quartermaster's Laundry Battalion."

Man, I fought the cleanest war on record; washed officers' drawers from North Africa to Italy. But the laundry business left me time to study. I took singing lessons from a French vocal teacher who couldn't talk English, so I had to learn to talk French. While I was in Italy, I studied with the Director of Music at the University of Pisa. If I'd just been a civilian, I'd never have had those breaks.

I imagine the reason this high-school senior is goofing off is because he thinks he is going to have to mark time during service, and that he'll just be wasting his life. That's a foolish notion!

CRAIG HILL: I think almost every guy goes around in circles for awhile, trying to find out what he really likes. Look at me. I was in the Navy a year, and then I got an appointment to Annapolis because I thought I wanted to make the Navy a career. After my first year at the Naval Academy I decided brass buttons weren't for me. I knew what I really wanted was to be an actor.

I think this girl's boy friend should wait to be drafted. But I think he should find out what the various services offer so that he can make good use of his time when he does go in.

TOUCH CONNERS: I was drafted, but if I had to do it over again I think I'd enlist. You see, I'm darned grate-

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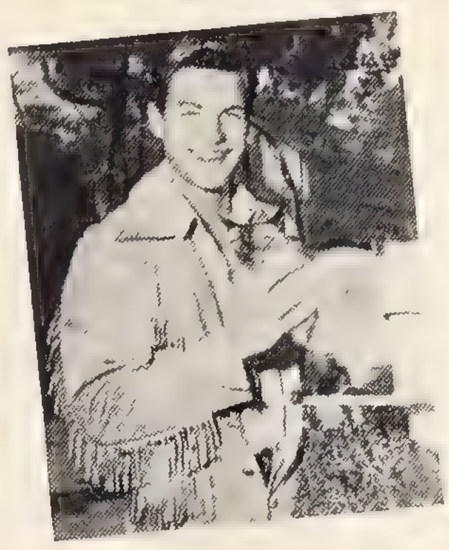
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ful to the Air Corps because it gave me a chance to find out what I wanted to do. It happened this way: A buddy of mine, Mahlon Rassmussen, worked up a song and dance routine and I joined him as a gag. We used to perform for service clubs and we were well enough received for me to decide to take a crack at show business.

When I was discharged I went through UCLA under the G.I. bill—another big break. Nowadays, military service makes it possible for a man eventually to get a good education.

ROBERT HORTON: I enlisted in the Coast Guard and when I was discharged I went to the University of Miami under the G.I. bill. I agree with the rest of you that the only intelligent thing to do is to make the most of military service. What's wrong with a guy who lives in this country, benefits by its freedom, and then yells his head off because he has to invest two to four years in maintaining the only way of life worth living?

BOB ARTHUR: I agree with what you've all been saying, in general, but we're answering a specific guy with a specific problem. I think he should enlist right now. He's just champing at the bit till he gets into service—and I think the sooner he does get in, the happier he'll be.

DEBRA: Thank you, gentlemen. And now we have a letter from a girl in Chicago who can use masculine advice:

Dear Debra: I am eighteen and attend a very large high school. Although my telephone isn't exactly rusting from lack of use, I haven't been really excited by any of the boys I've dated so far. Maybe it's a case of the grass being greener on the other side of the fence, but I have caught a glimpse of a boy who could make me read "fair and warmer." We don't have any classes together; he doesn't live in my neighborhood, and I haven't been able to find anyone who could introduce us. How can I meet him?

DEBRA: How about it, Dick?

RICHARD ALLAN: You're drafting me, remember. I didn't volunteer. Well, this boy must have noticed the girl or she wouldn't be interested in him.

(*Sounds of laughter*)

Come on, guys. In cases like this, if I still remember what went on in high school, the boy has given the girl the eye, and the girl has given it right back. Since the girl has the right, according to social usage, to encourage a friendship and to speak first, why couldn't she smile the next time she sees this boy? Next day or so she could say "Hi."

CRAIG HILL: There's an easier way than that. If both of them drive cars, she can get behind him and bump his car just enough to lock bumpers. By the time the cars are separated, they should know whether they hate each other or not.

ROBERT HORTON: She'd better be darned attractive if she tries that. If he's just finished a new paint job he'll give her the Typhoid Mary treatment.

DEWEY MARTIN: I want to know what became of the old-fashioned drop-the-handkerchief gag? If that's now corn-ball, she could drop her algebra book. The guy would have to pick it up and the girl could invite him to a turkey dinner at her house to express her gratitude.

TOUCH CONNERS: I think it's fine for a girl to go after a boy who appeals to her, but I think she has to be subtle. Why couldn't she find out what the guy does in his spare time? Tennis? She could learn and then "accidentally" show up on the next court. If he swims, she could frequent the same beach.

Of course a girl should know something about a sport before she tries it in the boy's presence, but once they have made friends it wouldn't do any harm for her to ask his help in improving her technique.

BOB ARTHUR: She could always challenge him to a duel. In that case he would have the choice of weapons. . . .

DEBRA: Now boys! Back to business. Here's a problem that seems very much a part of our generation, but my mother says the argument is as old as Adam and Eve. This comes from Dallas:

Dear Debra: My sweetheart and I are deeply in love and want to get married, but his family is opposed. They feel that we are much too young to know our own hearts, although we are both seventeen. I have been dating since I was fourteen and I have never felt about any other boy as I feel toward Cary. We will both graduate from high school this year. I have taken a secretarial course, so I will get a job, and Cary will go into the construction business with his father. If he goes into service later, he'll always have this business to come back to. I think we could manage, but so many people seem to be opposed to early marriage. Don't you think young marriages have as good a chance as any?

DEBRA: Well, Touch and Dewey you're the only married ones, so what do you say?

TOUCH CONNERS: Hmmm—how can I be honest and diplomatic at the same time?

I was married while I was still in college, but I don't think ours was a standard case. I had already been through three years of military service, and I was cer-

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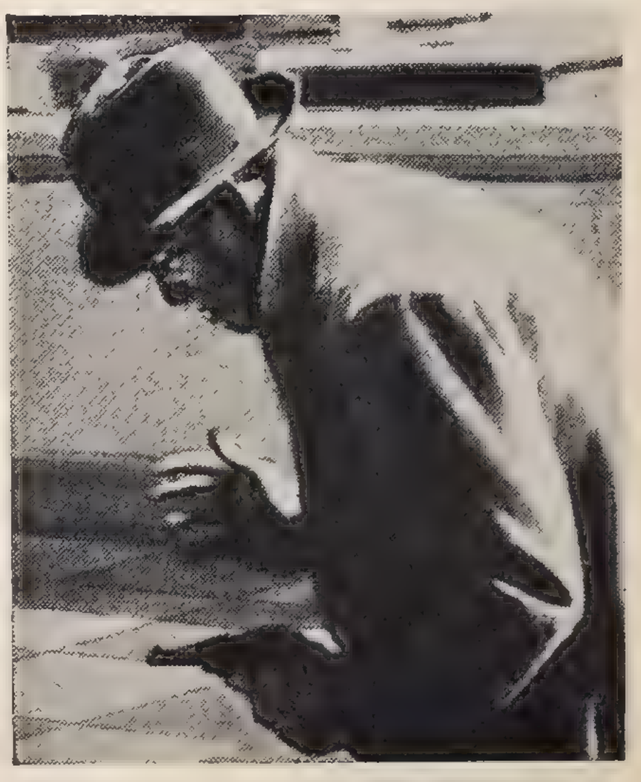

Don't miss "RITA'S GHOST"—how the relentless two-year police watch tracked the unsuspected killer—in July TRUE DETECTIVE now on sale!

tainly well over seventeen. My wife, Mary Lou Willey, was out of her teens, too. I'm afraid that the average seventeen-year-old girl is full of romance and pretty dreams. She doesn't realize that—even if she helps add to the income by working—she'll still have to cook, wash the dishes, take the family washing to the laundermat, scrub the floors, vacuum the carpets, dust, get along with in-laws and *stretch* the family income. Marriage is a full-time job. A girl has to be fairly mature mentally, and emotionally before she tackles it.

DEWEY MARTIN: I'll have to ride along with Touch. I've been married only two years, but I sure didn't ride a kiddie car to the altar.

Touch, you've covered the wife's responsibilities, so I guess I'll talk about what a husband needs to face. First, he should have a profession or at least feel secure in a job that he has *chosen,* in preference to one he has been handed . . . maybe with some strings attached. Sure this boy can go into business with his dad, but suppose he finds out eventually that he can't stand the construction business and wants to be a doctor or a lawyer. That would mean at least seven years of college—and probably very little help from anybody. A fellow is better off if he doesn't get married until he knows how he's going to earn his living.

CRAIG HILL: At seventeen I had been in love five times. By now, I suppose I have been in love ten times. I count on being in love at least ten times more before I settle down.

RICHARD ALLAN: I don't think early marriage is good for a man. Take the picture business, for instance. I'm just getting a start and I'm working so hard that I don't even have time for dates, to say nothing of marriage. After all, marriage is a career, too, and it deserves to have time devoted to it.

The average young fellow who is hacking out a niche for himself needs to devote all his energies to his career. No wife would put up with my being away from home from eight every morning until ten, or twelve every night.

ROBERT HORTON: I go along with the majority. And, as you know, I've been giving the matter a lot of personal thought lately. I think getting married too young is a mistake. Kids need a few years of seasoning, of settling, of acquiring a real philosophy before they can build a successful marriage partnership.

BOB ARTHUR: It turns out that I'm the dissenter. I believe in early marriage. You know what the Chinese say: "Every man should marry young; if the marriage is happy, he has the greatest treasure in life. If the marriage is unhappy, it improves the man's character."

Even if an early marriage ends in divorce, I think that something worthwhile has been accomplished. Every one can remember falling in love in high school; it's a wonderful experience. Personally, I don't think there can be, ever again, that world-well-lost, total spirit of devotion that people feel in their teens.

DEBRA: Majority rules—and the majority is definitely in favor of having our seventeen-year-olds hold off for a while. And now for another teen-age problem. This is from a girl in Tennessee:

Dear Debra: We have just moved to this city and in the fall I'm to enroll at a new high school. I've always read about school days being the happiest in a girl's life, but so far I can't say much for mine. I'd like to be really popular during my last two years in school. Can you give me some hints?

DEBRA: Maybe the easiest way to answer this would be for each of you boys to tell something about the most popular girl in school when you were students.

RICHARD ALLAN: My answer is off-beat . . . our belle of the 11-B wasn't the usual type. First of all, she was taller than the average girl in school and she wore bands on her teeth. She had broad hips and she wasn't the best dancer in the world by a long shot. But she was one of those lucky people who love every moment of life. No matter what she was doing, she got a kick out of it. She had a good word to say for everyone; I never heard her utter a catty sentence. She was active in school—did a lot of different things like working on decorating committees, writing for the school paper, singing in the glee club. You know: the kind of girl who puts the world on roller skates. The only pretty thing about her was a head of thick, blonde hair, but she had more dates than any other girl in our class.

DEWEY MARTIN: Personally, I think the importance of "popularity" has been exaggerated. Actually, it isn't possible for anyone to be as popular as some movies make people seem.

I think the average girl wants to be popular with a small group, wants to be friendly with a much larger group, wants to be the special interest of one guy. She can manage this, if she'll choose her friends because she has something in common with them. A girl will be unhappy if she tries to choose her friends for their prestige instead of their compatibility.

BOB ARTHUR: My recipe for popularity is like that old recipe for dodo stew. First catch a dodo. The most popular girl in our school lived in Hawaii when she was fourteen and she had learned the hula. She used to dance for all our assemblies and you couldn't get her on the telephone for two weeks after each performance.

TOUCH CONNERS: Maybe you'll think my suggestion is far-fetched, but I believe a girl should learn to cook. It never hurts a girl's standing with her gang if she can say, "Come over to the house after the game and I'll build some waffles and hot chocolate." I think she should be able to do this while her mother and father are reading the evening paper in the other room, and I think she should organize a K.P. detail to clean up after the snack.

This shows that someday she is going to make some man a darned good wife.

ROBERT HORTON: I think Touch has hinted at one of the most important facts in popularity, real popularity that is: respect. Lots of girls think that they can be popular by being easy.

The only popularity worth having is that combined with admiration, not with secret shame.

CRAIG HILL: I like Touch's suggestion that a girl be a real girl. After all, a fellow usually picks up the check on a date, showing that eventually he's going to be a solvent citizen. A girl ought to show, once in awhile, that she's in training to become a household manager.

Another thing: lots of girls seem to think that the only way they can prove they're having a good time is by getting loud. This is like pouring on a whole bottle of perfume. With sound and fragrance, a little goes a long way.

DEBRA: Boy's you've been great. Thanks a lot. Anybody want to come up to my house for waffles and coffee?

(Debra's most recent picture is Twentieth's "Stars and Stripes Forever." Bob Arthur is in Warners' "The System" and M-G-M's "Take the High Ground"; Richard Allan, in Twentieth's "Niagara"; Touch Conners, in "Forty-Nine Men" and "Sky Commando," both for Columbia; and Robert Horton in M-G-M's "Code Two," "Bright Road" and "Arena.")

ANNE BAXTER, 26-year old Academy Award winner, has given top-flight performances in her three recent starring productions: "I Confess" and "The Blue Gardenia," both for Warner Bros. and the 3D-color epic, "Carnival," for RKO-King Bros.

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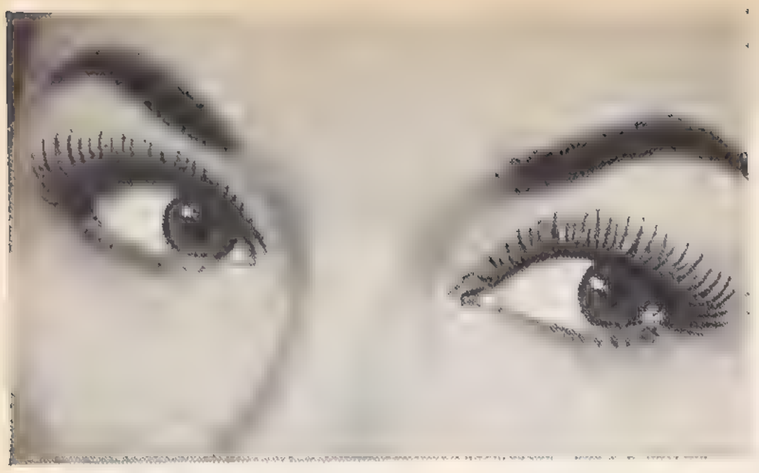

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LOOK WHO'S HERE (*Continued from page 67*)

ELAINE STEWART

ridiculous, because Marilyn and I couldn't be more different; we are opposite types physically, we have different philosophies about life. I've said before, and I'll say again that to me sex appeal is an inner quality. If a girl has it, she can be bundled up to her chin and it still comes across."

Elaine, born in Montclair, New Jersey, is the daughter of a retired police officer. It was her father who told her to set her sights on a goal and work for it once she was sure what she wanted—and after her first appearance on stage in a grade-school pageant, Elaine knew she wanted to become an actress. During her high-school days she ushered in a local movie house, watching every scene on the screen in an effort to learn everything she could. After high school she found modeling the road to her goal of being an actress. After being cover girl for True Story magazine for the entire year of 1952, she came to Hollywood under contract to M-G-M. Her bit role in "The Bad and the Beautiful" was one of the most talked-about things in the film. She's following it with the part of Ann Boleyn in "Young Bess," and in "Take the High Ground" she has the only feminine role.

"What will my life be in ten years if everything goes according to plan? Well, there hasn't been a plan, exactly, for all the wonderful things that are happening. First there was a dream, and then I realized that dreams can't come true by themselves, so I helped mine along a little. Mostly, I've been very lucky.

"In ten years I'd like to be married and have a family—I don't care how many children, but I want a girl first. I'd like to be living in the house I've already designed. It's crazy. Expensive, too. For one thing, it's going to have a den of fieldstone and that white wood with the worm holes in it. And the living room, which is enormous, is going to have deep purple carpeting.

"No, I don't consider it important whether the man I marry works in the movie industry. If you're enough in love and adult enough to get married, you ought to have enough other interests in common to make that part of it incidental. I have very strong convictions about marriage. People are always talking about its being a fifty-fifty proposition—why not seventy-five-seventy-five? Why not give a little more and have some insurance on your love? I wouldn't consider getting married now for that very reason: my career is too new and absorbs me so much that I know I couldn't give as much of myself to my husband and my home as I'll want.

"But in ten years all that will be changed. By that time I should know how I stand as an actress, should have found the guy and married him and had some of the kids . . .

"Hey, wouldn't it be crazy if everything worked out just this way?" THE END

TOM MORTON

who can use a woman as a steppingstone. I've got to make it on my own or not at all. I like to be with Debbie because she's fun, not because it's good for my career to be seen with a star."

Another favorite Morton date is Lori Nelson. "What a doll! Like I said, it might give me a kick if I ever dated a top movie queen, but when I can afford to marry, Lori is the kind of girl I'll be looking for."

At the moment Tommy's only attachment is to his career. He is completely honest about what he wants from life, and his candor is refreshing in an industry where coyness or the blasé attitude prevail. "I want to be a star," he says, and intensity burns in his dark, deepset eyes. "From the time I was a little kid in the wrong part of Manhattan, that's been it for me. I taught myself to dance, even then, because I could raise myself a notch or two with it. Nobody taught me to sing. I added that because you stand a better chance on Broadway if you can sing *and* dance. I've learned everything I could from every source I could, and I won't be satisfied until I know every job in my trade.

"I'm willing to work twenty-four hours a day for it. In fact, I wish I could. If there's nothing doing on my home lot, maybe one of the other studios is looking for a new dancer. If they don't need a dancer, maybe a singer. Or a straight dramatic actor whose face hasn't been seen around so much. I want to be working every day, at Paramount or on loan-out, and I don't care how small the part is—I'd *make* it into something worthwhile."

Energy, furious and electric, crackles through the words and gestures of Tommy, who's gotta get goin', gotta keep movin'.

While he is in production, Tom's life enters a phase of relative calm because he is then doing the one thing he prefers over anything else in the world. It is, contrarily, while he is "between pictures" that Mr. Morton is in a spin of frenetic activity—practising his dancing, doing choreography for a new show, rehearsing a new song—exhausting the new crop, he records his own arrangements of old hits.

One of his many dreams is a projected Playhouse in Los Angeles; he hopes to produce plays here one day. With every check (and a new seven-year contract with Paramount suggests that they'll be coming in regularly), his agent also receives a poem—written by Tommy Morton, who really wants to concentrate on that particular art in the future. "All this time on my hands drove me nuts," he says, so he picked up brushes and oils and began to paint.

It was pointed out to him that the studio couldn't very well put him into a picture when they didn't have a story. "I know," said Tommy. "I know they don't—but I could write one." THE END

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Consult local listings for exact time in your area

Cast of Current Pictures

AMBUSH AT TOMAHAWK GAP—Columbia. Directed by Fred F. Sears: *McCord,* John Hodiak; *Kid,* John Derek; *Egan,* David Brian; *Indian Girl,* Maria Elena Marques; *Doc,* Ray Teal; *Jonas P. Travis,* John Qualen; *Stranton,* Otto Hulett; *Marlowe,* Percy Helton; *Sheriff,* Trevor Bardette; *Bartender,* John Doucette.

DESERT SONG, THE—Warners. Directed by Bruce Humberstone; *Margot,* Kathryn Grayson; *Paul Bonnard (El Khobar),* Gordon MacRae; *Capt. Fontaine,* Steve Cochran; *Yousseff,* Raymond Massey; *Benjy,* Dick Wesson; *Azuri,* Allyn McLerie, *Gen. Birabeau,* Ray Collins; *Hassan,* Paul Picerni; *Mindar,* Frank DeKova; *Lachmed,* William Conrad; *Neri,* Trevor Bardette; *Lt. Duvalle,* Mark Dana.

FAST COMPANY—M-G-M. Directed by John Sturges: *Rick Grayton,* Howard Keel; *Carol Maldon,* Polly Bergen; *Ma Parkson,* Marjorie Main; *Mercedes Bellway,* Nina Foch; *Dave Sandring,* Robert Burton; *"Jigger" Parkson,* Carol Nugent; *Manuel Monales,* Joaquin Garay; *"Two-Pair" Butford,* Horace McMahon; *"Hungry",* Sig Arno; *Ben Iron-Mountain,* Iron Eyes Cody.

5,000 FINGERS OF DR. T, THE—Columbia. Directed by Roy Rowland: *Zabladowski,* Peter Lind Hayes; *Mrs. Collins,* Mary Healy; *Dr. Terwilliker,* Hans Conried; *Bart,* Tommy Rettig; *Uncle Whitney,* John Heasley; *Uncle Judson,* Robert Heasley; *Sergeant Lunk,* Noel Cravat; *Stroogo,* Henry Kulky.

GIRL NEXT DOOR, THE—20th Century-Fox. Directed by Richard Sale: *Bill Carter,* Dan Dailey; *Jeannie,* June Haver; *Reed Appleton,* Dennis Day; *Joe Carter,* Billy Gray; *Rosie,* Cara Williams; *Evelyn,* Natalie Schafer; *Samuels,* Clinton Sundberg; *Fields,* Hayden Rorke; *Kitty,* Mary Jane Saunders; *Mitzi,* Donna Lee Hickey; *Peggy,* Lyn Wilde; *Smitty,* Mona Knox; *Maggie,* June Wurster; *Susie,* Beverly Thompson; *Franny,* Gregg Sherwood; *O'Toole,* Michael Ross; *Sergeant,* Herburt Vigran; *Junkman,* Charles Wagenheim; *Customs Official,* Don Kohler; *Policeman,* Robert Carraher.

GLASS WALL, THE—Columbia. Directed by Maxwell Shane: *Peter,* Vittorio Gassman; *Maggie,* Gloria Grahame; *Nancy,* Ann Robinson; *Inspector Bailey,* Douglas Spencer; *Tanya,* Robin Raymond; *Tom,* Jerry Paris; *Mrs. Hinckley,* Elizabeth Slifer; *Eddie,* Richard Reeves; *Freddie,* Joseph Turkel; *Mrs. Zakolya,* Else Neft; *Toomey,* Michael Fox; *Monroe,* Ned Booth; *Fat Woman,* Kathleen Freeman; *Girl Friend,* Juney Ellis.

HOUSE OF WAX—Warners. Directed by Andre de Toth: *Prof. Henry Jarrod,* Vincent Price; *Lt. Tom Brennan,* Frank Lovejoy; *Sue Allen,* Phyllis Kirk; *Cathy Gray,* Carolyn Jones; *Scott Andrews,* Paul Picerni; *Matthew Burke,* Roy Roberts; *Mrs. Andrews,* Angela Clarke; *Sidney Wallace,* Paul Cavanagh; *Sgt. Jim Shane,* Dabbs Greer; *Igor,* Charles Buchinsky; *Barker,* Reggie Rymal; *Bruce Allison,* Philip Tonge.

I BELIEVE IN YOU—Rank, U-I. Directed by Michael Relph and Basil Deardon: *Phipps,* Cecil Parker; *Matty,* Celia Johnson; *Hooker,* Harry Fowler; *Norma,* Joan Collins; *Mr. Dove,* George Relph; *Mr. Pyke,* Godfrey Tearle; *Mr. Quayle,* Ernest Jay; *Jordie,* Laurence Harvey; *Buck,* Stanley Escane; *Dai,* Cyril Waites; *Hon. Ursula,* Ursula Howells; *Sergeant Body,* Sidney James; *Miss Macklin,* Katie Johnson; *Mrs. Crockett,* Ada Reeve; *Mrs. Hooker,* Brenda de Banzie; *Mr. Haines,* Alex McCrindle; *Sergeant Braxton,* Laurence Naismith; *Braxton,* John Orchard; *Braxton Child,* David Hannaford; *Frost,* Herbert C. Walton; *Policewoman Andrews,* Gwynne Whitby; *Crump,* Fred Griffiths; *Eric Stevens,* Richard Hart; *Mrs. Stevens,* Gladys Henson.

IT HAPPENS EVERY THURSDAY—U-I. Directed by Joseph Pevney: *Jane McAvoy,* Loretta Young; *Bob McAvoy,* John Forsythe; *Fred Hawley,* Frank McHugh; *Jake,* Edgar Buchanan; *Chet,* Palmer Lee; *Steve McAvoy,* Harvey Grant; *Matthew,* Jimmy Conlin; *Mrs. Spatch,* Jane Darwell; *Myron Trout,* Willard Watterman; *Mrs. Holmes,* Gladys George; *Mrs. Peterson,* Edith Evanson; *Homer,* Edward Clark; *Mrs. Dow,* Kathryn Card; *Bartlett,* Eddy Waller; *Mayor Hull,* Regis Toomey.

JAMAICA RUN—Paramount. Directed by Lewis R. Foster: *Patrick Fairlie,* Ray Milland; *Ena Dacey,* Arlene Dahl; *Todd Dacey,* Wendell Corey; *William Montague,* Patric Knowles; *Janice Clayton,* Laura Elliot; *Mrs. Dacey,* Carroll McComas; *Human,* William Walker; *Inspector Mole,* Murray Matheson; *Mose,* Clarence Muse; *Robert Clayton,* Michael Moore; *Judge Henley,* Rex Evans; *Magistrate,* Robert Warwick; *Mr. Willoughby,* Lester Matthews.

MAN IN THE DARK—Columbia. Directed by Lew Landers: *Steve Rawley,* Edmond O'Brien; *Peg Benedict,* Audrey Totter; *Lefty,* Ted de Corsia; *Arnie,* Horace McMahon; *Cookie,* Nick Dennis; *Dr. Marston,* Dayton Lummis; *Jawald,* Dan Riss; *Interne,* Shepard Menken; *Herman,* John Harmon; *Mayme,* Ruth Warren.

NEVER LET ME GO—M-G-M. Directed by Delmer Daves: *Philip Sutherland,* Clark Gable; *Marya Lamarkina,* Gene Tierney; *Joe Brooks,* Bernard Miles; *Christopher Denny,* Richard Haydn; *Valentina Alexandrovna,* Belita; *Steve Quillan,* Kenneth More; *Commissar,* Karel Stepanek; *Lieutenant,* Theodore Bikel; *Svetlana Mikhailovna,* Anna Valentina; *Kuragin,* Frederick Valk; *N.K.V.D. Man,* Peter Illing; *U. S. Ambassador,* Robert Henderson; *John Barnes,* Stanley Maxted; *Lemkov,* Meinhart Maur; *General Zhdanov,* Alexis Chesnakov.

PICKUP ON SOUTH STREET—20th Century-Fox. Directed by Samuel Fuller: *Skip McCoy,* Richard Widmark; *Candy,* Jean Peters; *Moe,* Thelma Ritter; *Capt. Dan Tiger,* Murvyn Vye; *Joey,* Richard Kiley; *Zara,* Willis B. Bouchey; *Winoki,* Milburn Stone; *MacGregor,* Henry Slate; *Enyart,* Jerry O'Sullivan; *Dietrich,* Harry Carter; *Clerk, Police Station,* George E. Stone; *Fenton,* George Eldredge; *Police Commissioner,* Stuart Randall; *Lum,* Frank Kumagi; *Lightning Louie,* Victor Perry; *Customer,* George Berkeley; *Sandwich Man,* Emmett Lynn; *Peddler,* Maurice Samuels; *Stranger,* Parley Baer; *Librarian,* Jay Loftlin; *Nurse,* Virginia Carroll; *Mr. Victor,* Roger Moore.

PONY EXPRESS—Paramount. Directed by Jerry Hopper: *Buffalo Bill Cody,* Charlton Heston; *Evelyn,* Rhonda Fleming; *Denny,* Jan Sterling; *Wild Bill Hickok,* Forrest Tucker; *Rance Hastings,* Michael Moore; *Bridger,* Porter Hall; *Barrett;* Richard Shannon; *Cooper,* Henry Brandon; *Pemberton,* Stuart Randall; *Sgt. Russell,* Lewis Martin; *Yellow Hand,* Pat Hogan; *Miller-Clerk,* Eric Alden; *Harvey-Attendant,* Howard Joslin; *Pony Express Riders,* Leroy Johnson, Jimmy H. Burk, Robert J. Miles, Bob Scott; *Attendant,* Bob Templeton; *Cavalry Man,* Willard W. Willingham; *Indian,* John Mansfield; *Cassidy,* James Davies; *Walstron,* Frank Wilcox; *Maldin,* Len Hendry.

RAIDERS OF THE SEVEN SEAS—U.A. Directed by Sidney Salkow: *Barbarossa,* John Payne; *Alida,* Donna Reed; *Salcedo,* Gerald Mohr; *Peg Leg,* Lon Chaney; *Renzo,* Anthony Caruso; *Capt. Goiti,* Henry Brandon; *Datu,* Skip Torgerson; *Romero,* Frank DeKova; *Ramon,* William Tannen; *Pablo,* Christopher Dark; *Senora Salcedo,* Claire DuBrey; *Pompano,* Howard Freeman; *Delgado,* Anthony Warde.

REMAINS TO BE SEEN—M-G-M. Directed by Don Weis: *Jody Revere,* June Allyson; *Waldo Williams,* Van Johnson; *Benjamin Goodman,* Louis Calhern; *Valeska Chauvel,* Angela Lansbury; *Dr. Glenson,* John Beal; *Dorothy Dandridge,* Herself; *Lt. O'Flair,* Barry Kelley; *Ben,* Sammy White; *Mrs. West,* Kathryn Card; *Mr. Bennett,* Paul Harvey; *Mrs. Bennett,* Helene Millard; *Ling Tan,* Peter Chong; *Examiner DeLapp,* Charles Lane; *Minetti,* Larry Blake; *Kyle Manning,* Morgan Farley; *Clark,* Howard Freeman; *Fleming,* Frank Nelson; *Officer Miller,* Robert Foulk.

SCARED STIFF—Wallis, Paramount. Directed by George Marshall: *Larry Todd,* Dean Martin; *Myron Myron Mertz,* Jerry Lewis; *Mary Carroll,* Lizabeth Scott; *Carmelita Castina,* Carmen Miranda; *Mr. Cortega,* George Dolenz; *Rosie,* Dorothy Malone; *Tony Warren,* William Ching; *Carriso Twins,* Paul Marion; *Zombie,* Jack Lambert; *Police Lieutenant,* Tom Powers; *"Trigger,"* Tony Barr; *"Shorty,"* Leonard Strong; *Pierre,* Henry Brandon; *Cop on Pier,* Hugh Sanders.

TITANIC—20th Century-Fox. Directed by Jean Negulesco: *Richard Sturges,* Clifton Webb; *Mrs. Sturges,* Barbara Stanwyck; *Giff Rogers,* Robert Wagner; *Annette,* Audrey Dalton; *Mrs. Young,* Thelma Ritter; *Captain Smith,* Brian Aherne; *Healey,* Richard Basehart; *Earl Meeker,* Allyn Joslyn; *Sandy Comstock,* James Todd; *Mrs. John Jacob Astor,* Frances Bergen; *John Jacob Astor,* William Johnstone: *Messenger,* Christopher Severn; *Devlin,* James Lilburn: *Chief Officer Wilde,* Charles Fitz-Simons: *First Officer Murdock,* Barry Bernard; *Widener,* Guy Standing, Jr.; *Mrs. Straus,* Helen Van Tuyl; *Mr. Isador Straus,* Roy Gordon; *Mrs. Uzcadum,* Marta Mitrovich; *Emma,* Ivis Goulding; *Bride,* Dennis Fraser; *Phillips,* Ashley Cowan: *Norman,* Harper Carter; *Officer Lightoller,* Edmund Purdom; *Symons,* Lehmer Graham: *College Girls:* Merry Anders, Gloria Gordon, Melinda Markey; *College Students:* Ronald F. Hagerthy, Conrad Feia, Richard West.

VANQUISHED, THE—Paramount. Directed by Edward Ludwig; *Rock Grayson,* John Payne; *Rose Slater,* Jan Sterling; *Jane Colfax,* Coleen Gray; *Roger Hale,* Lyle Bettger; *Captain Kirby,* Willard Parker; *Dr. Colfax,* Roy Gordon; *General Morris,* John Dierkes; *General Hildebrandt,* Charles Evans; *Mrs. Barbour,* Ellen Corby; *Mrs. Colfax,* Ernestine Barrier; *Reverend Babcock,* Russell Gaige; *Colonel Ellansby,* Leslie Kimmell; *Harvey Giddens,* Voltaire Perkins; *Connors,* Sam Flint; *Randy Williams,* Freeman Morse; *Lieut. Adams,* Richard Shannon; *Lucy Colfax,* Karen Sharpe; *Sergeant Kolman,* Howard Joslin; *Colored Boy,* Llewellyn Johnson; *Bartender,* John Halloran; *1st Man,* Harry Cody; *2nd Man,* William Berry; *3rd Man,* Major Sam Harris; *4th Man,* Jack Hill; *Aide to Morris,* Richard Beedle; *Charles Barbour,* Richard Bartell; *Luke Taylor,* Louis Jean Heydt; *Barbour Boy,* Brad Mora.

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Hollywood vs. Marilyn Monroe

(*Continued from page* 45)

unconsciously, I dressed, talked and behaved just as such a girl would."

According to her own description, this young actress ran with "the jazzy about-town crowd" in Hollywood. Her beaux were many; so were the daring quotes she offered to an eager press: "The wedding ring! That's one thing I hope I'll always be able to avoid. . . . I think one thing that makes for health in American girls is the small quantity of clothing."

This was almost twenty-five years before Marilyn made her declaration of independence from lingerie. Though it isn't recorded that Marilyn's predecessor posed for any calendars, she was willing to face the camera clad only in a tasteful arrangement of chiffon and grapes. Columnist Sidney Skolsky reported that she had in the privacy of her home a full-length portrait of herself wearing a long string of pearls. . . .

If the attack on Marilyn Monroe is justified, this earlier "hey-hey girl" with an "oo-la-la body" should have had a short career, alienating people with her flaunting of sex. Of course, the girl was Joan Crawford. And people—from studio crews to millions of fans—fell in love with her warm, outright vitality. In manner, clothes and diction, Joan has changed. She has been recognized as an actress; she has won an Oscar. But that was her start, the basis of her fan following.

Even then, her specialty wasn't a new tradition in Hollywood. With her first starring appearance, Joan was promptly dubbed "another Clara Bow." The original Clara Bow, off the screen these many years, remains a movie legend, against which every sex-appeal queen since has been measured. Even more than Joan, perhaps, Clara personified the flapper of the roaring twenties, "joy-loving, excitement-seeking." In one respect the bouncing little redhead didn't quite meet the flapper ideas. Fashion in those days decreed that girls should be flat-chested and hipless, but it was pretty obvious that Clara had a very feminine shape under the shapeless shifts then in mode. Modern style allows curves, but Marilyn exceeds this allowance to the same degree.

Already known as "The Brooklyn Bombshell," Clara presently acquired a more famous title, awarded with great ceremony. Elinor Glyn, a majestic lady whose list of torrid best-selling novels included one succinctly titled "It," proclaimed that Clara Bow was the "It Girl" to the life. There wasn't much question what Madam Glyn meant by "It"—that same profitable quality that Marilyn is now flaunting. However, no such elaborate stunts have been staged to call attention to Monroe.

Clara's appeal was amply demonstrated in her personal life, too, with a series of headline romances: Gilbert Roland, Gary Cooper, Harry Richman, Robert Savage (a wealthy young man who tried to kill himself allegedly for love of the "It Girl"). So far, Marilyn's achieved nothing in this department but a few stories about her friendship with Joe DiMaggio.

Scandal put a temporary halt to Clara's career; her secretary-companion threatened to tell *all* about the star's love-life and did come out with some rather startling tales. Hardly waiting to get public reaction or to find out whether the tales were true, Clara's studio took her out of the film "City Streets," substituting a stage newcomer named Sylvia Sidney. But Hollywood and the fans generally sympathized with Clara, considering her warm-hearted and over-generous.

As flappers and silent movies slipped into history together, along came an exciting new brand of sex appeal, imported from Europe. Marlene Dietrich had first been spotted singing in an obscure Berlin night club, in a costume that included "a very short little skirt and long black silk stockings held up by garters that showed." For her first couple of years in Hollywood, she continued to be "Legs" Dietritch. Then, in a clever publicity move, she reversed the gag and began stepping out with her famous gams hidden beneath trousers.

At that time, a lady definitely was not supposed to trot around in public in such male attire. But Marlene was unperturbed by all the furor. When she went on a European vacation, even Paris was shocked, threatening to turn the *gendarmes* on her. The Nazi government of her native Germany, which she had disavowed, issued virtuous denunciations of her behavior.

Marlene's real motive was quite clear. "A man's suit," she purred, "makes me feel (and, I hope, *look*) more feminine than the most beautiful dress in the world!" Marilyn's tight-fitting dresses are simply the approach direct, while Marlene just as deliberately called attention to her sex with clothes that contradicted it. And Marlene was equally frank about her intentions. "Sex," she said, "is the dominating factor in our lives . . . Sex appeal is, I think . . . an enthusiasm, an eagerness for the chase, of the hunter for the hunted."

After this highly efficient flaunting job, did outraged public opinion force Marlene into a quick fade-out? Not exactly. That was more than twenty years ago, but Grandma Dietrich can still steal the show whenever she feels like it.

Simultaneous with Dietrich's rise was the appearance of a thoroughly American star. Jean Harlow's role in "Hell's Angels" was rather brief; though she later became an excellent comedienne, her acting in her debut was extremely awkward. But these minor matters were generally overlooked. Soon the whole country was talking about the scene in which Jean, already wearing a very revealing gown, murmured to the hero, "Would you excuse me while I slip into something more comfortable?"

The line aroused the same sort of response as Marilyn's preambulations in "Niagara" (and at the PHOTOPLAY dinner): laughter that included a large amount of hearty appreciation. The publicity boys were quick to capitalize on Jean's success touting the "lusciously sexquisite" newcomer with such devices as a line of Harlow lingerie. She was sent on personal-appearance tours, usually going onstage in white satin gowns that showed her fans what they'd come to see. Within two months after the release of her first picture she was listed seventeenth in a poll choosing the one hundred best-known people in the world. Further campaigns kept her in the public eye as "The Platinum Blonde" and "The Blonde Bombshell."

There was criticism, of course. When Jean turned titian for "Red-Headed Woman," one fan wrote: "Just plain common. This new red-headed hotcha girl is nothing but another carbon copy of Clara Bow." A British fan defended her against the "onslaught," announcing that England would be happy to welcome Jean.

Naturally, America did want her, wholeheartedly. Not all movie-goers made the mistake of confusing Jean herself with the man-eating roles she played. Upon the suicide of her husband, Paul Bern, she might have been threatened with the same sort of scandal that pursued Clara Bow. But sympathy was even stronger for Jean.

Far from being harmed by her early publicity, Jean's career was at its height

when it was ended by her tragically early death. Say her name in Hollywood now, and there's an outrush of affection for a girl who remains very much alive in the memories of her friends and co-workers.

Publicity that openly accented sex also gave Lana Turner her start. About all she had to do in "They Won't Forget" was walk. She was seen in a front or profile view rather than from the rear, since she happened to be wearing a sweater. And as "The Sweater Girl" she became famous, posing for countless photos that emphasized her well-equipped chest. She was compared to Jean Harlow, to Clara Bow. Anita Loos, author of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" and therefore an authority on feminine appeal, stated that Lana, too, had "It." Later, Lana was named "Miss Sex Appeal of 1938."

Obligingly, she provided more publicity with her offscreen activities. Was she the most-dated girl in Hollywood? "I get around," Lana said. Columnists scolded her for her excessive night-clubbing, warned her to behave herself, decided she was over-exploited. But the exploitation paid off. In the sixteen years since her "Sweater Girl" era, Lana has remained a top star, secure in the fans' loyalty and the reporters' interest even during interludes of retirement. Within the past year, she has won applause for straight acting ability in "The Bad and the Beautiful."

Ann Sheridan had a similar send-off. She'd done nothing notable on the screen when, with suitable pomp, she was named "The Oomph Girl." The Earl of Warwick, on the panel that awarded the title, gave this definition: "Oomph is a feminine desirability which can be observed with appreciation but cannot be discussed with respectability."

In less than a year, "The Oomph Girl" had zoomed from thirty-fourth to third place on Warners' fan-mail list, still with no important film work to her credit. But she'd turned out plenty of sultry portraits, with hair sliding over one eye, dress off one shoulder, lots of leg visible and statements like: "Men are wonderful things—I like men very much. In numbers."

Eventually, there came a day when Annie grew heartily tired of her title and the build-up that went with it. But it had established her; it had identified her; and it carried her though until she had proved her other qualifications for stardom.

Betty Grable, on the other hand, has never been known to knock the tactics originally used to sell her to the public. Ask her whether it was that strong sexy build-up that put her on top of the glamour-girl (and boxoffice) heap, and you'll get a straight answer: "Of course! What else? Remember back in the Civil War, or whenever it was, when Frank Powolny took that bathing-suit shot of me with my derrière in the forefront and my eyes glancing back over a provocative shoulder? That sexy shot did a whale of a job for me, and I'd be the last to deny it!"

By the current cautious reckoning, such a blatantly sexy shot might have been good for a flash-in-the-pan success, never for a long career. Betty, as every fan knows, hit the top-ten boxoffice list as that photo was being pinned up in barracks all over the world, and she stayed among the top ten for a decade. Later, her fans didn't mind seeing "Gams" Grable politely turned into Mrs. Harry James.

Another pinup queen of World War II, having acquired considerable dignity since then, might not be so eager to remember her start. As a newcomer, Rita Hayworth posed cheerfully in (and halfway out of) a $25,000 pearl dress and a series of less costly garments; she was photographed sitting on a bed, wearing a filmy black nightgown; and was soon dubbed "America's Goddess of Love." If this campaign wrecked Rita's career, many a young newcomer would be delighted to have a similar wrecking job done on her own.

The most startling campaign of recent years (until Marilyn came along) was devoted to a beauty discovered by Howard Hughes, who had also introduced Jean Harlow. Photographer Tom Kelley and his wife, Natalie, sent Hughes some photos of a tall, sumptuously proportioned brunette who might suit the feminine lead in "The Outlaw." (By remarkable coincidence, it was Kelly who shot a group of famous calendar pictures some years later.)

The brunette, Jane Russell, promptly chosen to star in "The Outlaw," remained in the headlines for an amazing number of years on the strength of her publicity alone. And it was plenty strong. It had to be. On its first release in 1941, "The Outlaw" collided with severe censor trouble; it didn't go into general release (in a somewhat expurgated edition) until 1949. In the interim, Jane Russell's name became a synonym for the most conspicuous portion of her anatomy. And her movie's advertising had almost as much trouble as the movie itself. In San Francisco, the police chief announced he'd received letters from parents, school officials and church organizations protesting a billboard that showed Jane reclining in the hay. Magazines refused to run ads that included the query: "How'd you like to tussle with Russell?"

Meantime, Jane good-humoredly went along with the gag. She made no complaint at the numberless cheesecake photos; she donned a tight-fitting black dress to play star guest at a male debut party thrown by a group of playful socialites in Boston. Once, she did try to stage a slight rebellion, as Ann Sheridan had. Jane wanted to establish herself as a singer. For one of her first night-club appearances, she put on a high-necked dress, only to encounter protests from the manager, whose customers (he said) were *not* coming to see Jane Russell in a high-necked dress.

Well, it can't be said that Jane's publicity has changed much. As recent a film as "His Kind of Woman" was plugged with billboards that were too much for the sensitive British authorities. At their command, retouching raised the level of Jane's bodice six inches, and the Mitchum-Russell team, originally described as "The *Hottest* Combination Ever," became in Britain "The *Greatest* Combination Ever."

Yet Jane continues to be starred in highly successful pictures. Her domestic life, rather soft-pedaled at first, is now widely recognized in its true guise, unaffected by her publicity. But Mrs. Bob Waterfield, mother of two adopted children, a genuinely religious woman, still hasn't balked at engaging in a verbal duel with Marilyn, strictly for the purpose of advertising "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," which teams the rival sex-appeal queens.

Let's hope that Jane, off the record, found time during shooting to reassure Marilyn about the real long-range effects of an all-out-sexy publicity campaign. If not, perhaps Betty Grable, who co-stars with Marilyn in "How to Marry a Millionaire," has comforted her.

From Joan to Jane, the record is pretty impressive. After all, what attribute first draws attention to any woman, on or off the screen? Just as Joan once did, Marilyn displays her sex appeal frankly—never slyly. It's foolish to try founding either a marriage or a movie career on sex attraction alone. But that's a conventional beginning, always successful if a girl can follow it up with the more profound qualities that win the permanent affections of her guy or her fans. THE END

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BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for months indicated. For this month's full reviews, see page 16

A—Adults F—Family

ALL ASHORE—Columbia, Technicolor: Pleasant, tuneful tale of three sailors' shore leave. Mickey Rooney. Dick Haymes, Ray McDonald. (F) April

BATTLE CIRCUS—M-G-M: The Korean war is soft-pedaled; the engaging romance of Bogart and nurse June Allyson is played up. (A) May

BLUE GARDENIA, THE—Warners: Unsurprising mystery. Anne Baxter's a murder suspect; Richard Conte, Ann Sothern save her. (A) June

BRIGHT ROAD—M-G-M: Gentle story of a "problem" boy (Philip Hepburn) and an understanding teacher (Dorothy Dandridge). (F) June

BWANA DEVIL—Oboler, U. A.; AnscoColor, Natural Vision: Crude, pioneer 3-D drama of lion-hunting, with Bob Stack. (F) May

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON—Warners, Technicolor: Slow but amiable tune-film of love and family problems after World War I. Doris Day, Gordon MacRae, Billy Gray. (F) June

CALL ME MADAM—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: Magnificent musical. Ethel Merman's terrific as a lady ambassador; George Sanders, Vera-Ellen, Donald O'Connor charm you. (F) June

CINERAMA—Cinerama Productions, color: No story, but plenty of excitement. Amazing new technique using a huge curved screen is now showing in New York, Detroit, Los Angeles. (F) January

CITY BENEATH THE SEA—U-I. Technicolor: Sprawling adventure-romance. Bob Ryan, Anthony Quinn play deep-sea divers. (F) April

CONFIDENTIALLY CONNIE—M-G-M: Gay little comedy. Prof. Van Johnson and wife Janet Leigh cope with living costs (especially meat); rancher Louis Calhern intervenes. (F) April

COUNT THE HOURS—RKO: Acceptable suspense yarn. Held for murder, John Craven's cleared by wife Teresa Wright, lawyer Mac Carey. (F) June

CRASH OF SILENCE—see review for STORY OF MANDY, THE.

CRY OF THE HUNTED—M-G-M: Mild action tale. Barry Sullivan as pursuer, Vittorio Gassman as fugitive are both sympathetic. (F) June

DESERT LEGION—U-I, Technicolor: Innocent thriller. Ladd's in the Foreign Legion; Arlene Dahl's a Shangri-La princess. (F) June

DESERT RATS, THE—20th Century-Fox: Crisp, expert war film. Richard Burton defends Tobruk against Rommel (again James Mason). (F) June

DESTINATION GOBI—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: Ripping adventure yarn, rich in humor, good acting, fine scenery. Widmark leads a Yank weather unit in wartime Mongolia. (F) June

GIRL WHO HAD EVERYTHING, THE—M-G-M: Weak, pointless love story of socialite Liz Taylor and racketeer Fernando Lamas. (A) June

GIRLS OF PLEASURE ISLAND, THE—Paramount, Technicolor: Marines find the girls in a disappointing comedy. With Leo Genn. (F) June

GUNSMOKE—U-I, Technicolor: Fast, witty Western, starring Audie Murphy as a gun-slinger tricked into respectability by Paul Kelly. Dashes of sex: Susan Cabot, Mary Castle. (F) May

I CONFESS—Warners: Absorbing but shakily plotted thriller about a young priest involved in a murder. Fine acting by Montgomery Clift, Anne Baxter, Karl Malden. (A) May

I LOVE MELVIN—M-G-M, Technicolor: Airy, youthful tune-film with lovable co-stars. Donald O'Connor makes a cover girl of Debbie Reynolds, movie-struck chorine. (F) April

LAW AND ORDER—U-I, Technicolor: Ambling Western. Marshal Ronald Reagan comes out of retirement to lick Preston Foster. (F) June

LILI—M-G-M, Technicolor: Delicate, charming romance-with-music. Leslie Caron's a delight as a shy waif who works for the dour puppet-master (Mel Ferrer) of a French carnival. (F) May

LONE HAND—U-I, Technicolor: Neat, likable open-spaces melodrama. Little Jimmy Hunt thinks Pop Joel McCrea has turned bandit. (F) June

MA AND PA KETTLE ON VACATION—U-I: Funny, good-natured hokum gets the Kilbride-Main team tangled with a Paris spy ring. (F) May

MAN ON A TIGHTROPE—20th Century-Fox: Sly, picturesque, suspenseful tale of a small circus' escape from red Czechoslovakia. Top portrayals by Fredric March, Gloria Grahame. (A) June

MEMBER OF THE WEDDING, THE—Kramer, Columbia: Shapeless but often touching story of a troubled adolescent (Julie Harris), with magnificent acting by Ethel Waters. (A) April

MOULIN ROUGE—U. A., Technicolor: Subtle color and rich Parisian atmosphere overshadow José Ferrer's portrayal of Toulouse-Lautrec, the tragic, deformed painter. (A) March

OFF LIMITS—Paramount: Bob Hope and a meek new Mickey Rooney join the MP's to provide a lot of laughs, a few slack spots. (F) May

PETER PAN—Disney, RKO; Technicolor: Enchanting cartoon feature based on the beloved Barrie fantasy of eternal childhood. *Peter, Wendy, Tinker Bell, Captain Hook* come alive to the tune of many sprightly songs. (F) February

PRESIDENT'S LADY, THE—20th Century-Fox: Susan Hayward and Charlton Heston as Rachel and Andrew Jackson in the exciting, highly emotional story of a famous marriage. (F) June

SALOME—Columbia, Technicolor: Lavish, well made, superficial Biblical epic. Rita Hayworth Stewart Granger look handsome; Charles Laughton, Judith Anderson show their skill. (A) Jun

SEMINOLE—U-I, Technicolor: Satisfactory actio yarn of Indian warfare in the swamps, with Roc Hudson, Anthony Quinn. (F) Ma

SHE'S BACK ON BROADWAY—Warners, War nercolor: Slight but bright backstage tale. Tryin a comeback, has-been movie star Virginia May feuds with ex-lover Steve Cochran. (F) Apri

SMALL TOWN GIRL—M-G-M, Technicolor: Jan Powell's the girl; Farley Granger, the spoiled bi city kid in a listless musical with pleasant song and dances. (F) Ma

SOMBRERO—M-G-M, Technicolor: Romance i Mexico, with a muddled story, brilliant setting Ricardo Montalban tops a star-rich cast. (A) Jun

SPLIT SECOND—RKO: Tense action story. E caped convict Steve McNally captures Keith Ande and Jan Sterling as an A-blast looms. (F) Jun

STARS ARE SINGING, THE—Paramount, Tech nicolor: Warm, charmingly informal musica with Rosemary Clooney as a singer who help refugee-singer Anna Maria Alberghetti. (F) Apri

STORY OF MANDY, THE—Rank, U-I: The edu cation of a deaf child (Mandy Miller) is deepl affecting; the marital problem of Mom, Phylli Calvert, less so. British-made. (F) Ma

STORY OF THREE LOVES, THE—M-G-M, Tech nicolor: Arty episode film, highlighted by on strong suspense story with Kirk Douglas and Pie Angeli as daredevil aerialists. (A) Jun

SYSTEM, THE—Warners: Sentimentalized racke busting story with no punch. Frank Lovejoy's a implausible gambling boss. (A) Ma

TAXI—20th Century-Fox: Amusing though flims ly plotted. Dan Dailey, obliging New York hacki helps just-off-the-boat colleen Constance Smith i search for missing husband. (F) Apr

TONIGHT WE SING—20th Century-Fox, Tech nicolor: Classical numbers outweigh the slim sto of impresario David Wayne and wife Anne Ba croft. Ezio Pinza's impressive. (F) Ma

TROUBLE ALONG THE WAY—Warners: De sentimental comedy—"Going My Way" with foo ball, John Wayne and Charles Coburn. (F) Jun

WAR OF THE WORLDS, THE—Paramount, Tec nicolor: A Martian invasion with stunning speci effects, negligible human angle. (F) Jun

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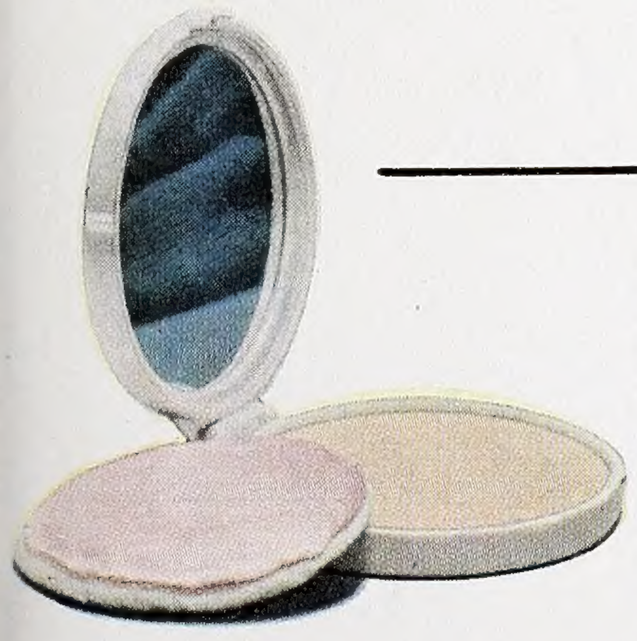

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